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ROGER B. TANEY,

CHIEF-JUSTICE OF THE U. S.

It is understood that the Hon. Roger Brooke Taney, who has been for many years Chief-Justice of the United States, is about to resign his office; we take this opportunity of laying his portrait before our readers.

He was born on 17th March, 1777, in Calvert County, Maryland, to which State his family had immigrated two centuries ago. He is consequently eighty-three years of age at present, and is fairly entitled to an honorable retirement.

He was educated at Dickinson College, Carlisle, and admitted to the bar at Annapolis, Maryland, in the spring of 1799, sixty-one years ago. His first attempts were made in Calvert County, from which county, soon after his settlement there as a lawyer, he was sent to the State Senate. He served one term, then returned to Frederick, and devoted himself to his private practice. In 1823 his practice had improved, and his reputation had risen so high that he felt justified in removing to Baltimore, where he has resided ever since. In 1827 he was appointed Attorney-General of Maryland—an office which he held four years. Up to this time Mr. Taney's career had been one of quiet, uninterrupted success. Though a politician, he had taken no angry part in political strife, and enjoyed the respect of his political foes and friends alike. He had not met with a single rebuff or check in his public life. A startling change in his career was now at hand.

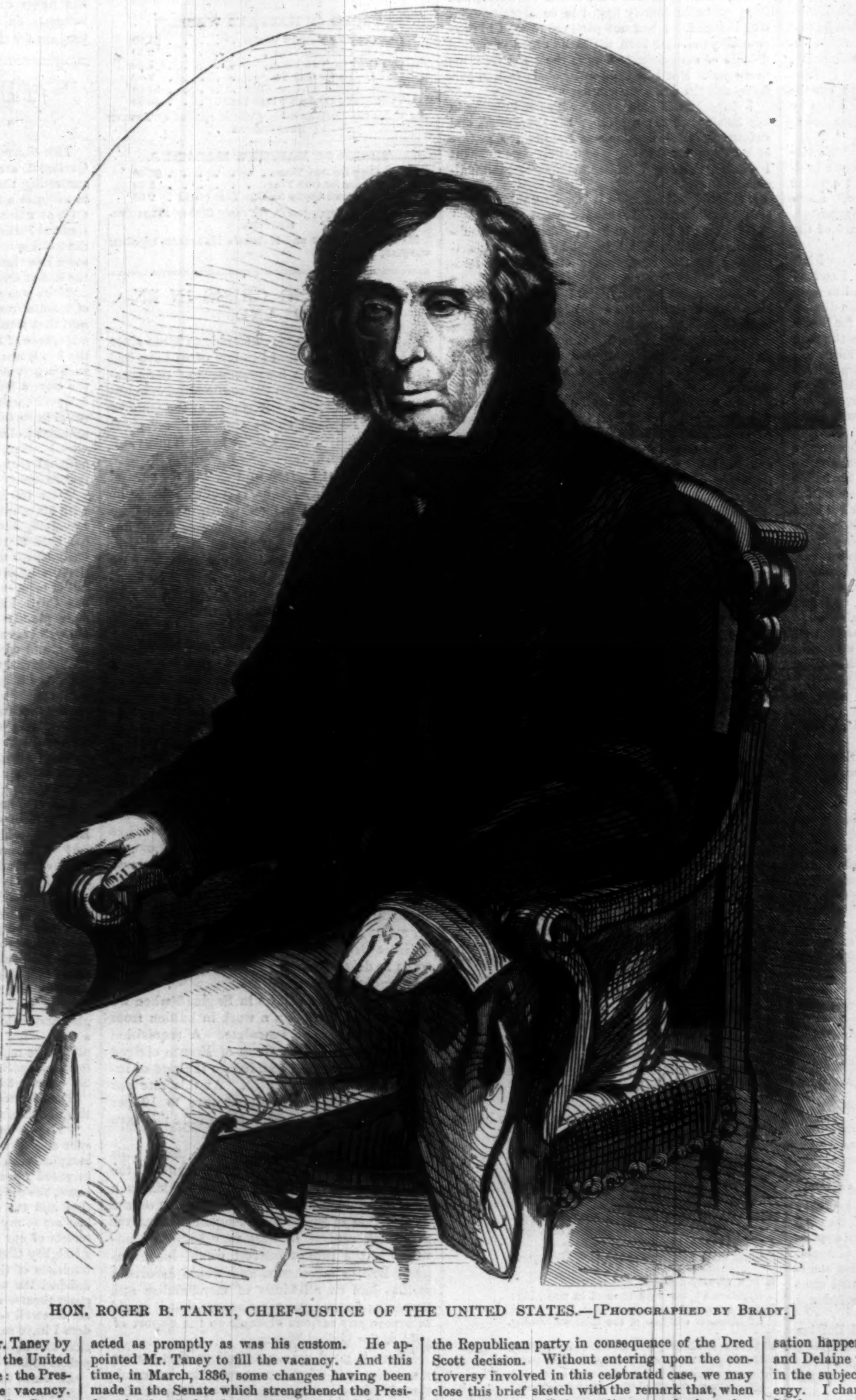
In June, 1831, he was appointed Attorney-General of the United States, and entered upon the discharge of the duties of the office. It was the period of the great Bank war: General Jackson had decided upon his course, and was only waiting for a favorable opportunity to carry it out. His Cabinet were unconscious of his intentions. In September, 1833, he determined to carry them out, and instructed Mr. Duane, the Secretary of the Treasury, to remove the public deposits from the United States Bank. Mr. Duane belonged to the Bank party. He declined to comply, and intimated that, should the President persevere in his project, he must take the responsibility of dismissing him (Mr. Duane) from office. If there was a thing General Jackson liked it was responsibility. He dismissed Mr. Duane without more ado, appointed Mr. Taney Secretary of the Treasury, and had the deposits removed forthwith. It seemed as though Mr. Taney had sacrificed himself to obey the behests of his chief. General Jackson, well knowing the temper of the Senate, withheld Mr. Taney's nomination till the close of the session: he sent it in on the last day, and it was instantly rejected. Mr. Taney, of course, resigned forthwith, returned to Baltimore, and resumed the practice of the law. His political prospects at that time seemed gloomy enough.

General Jackson, however, was a man who did not forget. Within twelve months from the rejection of Mr. Taney by the Senate, Associate-Justice Duvall, of the United States Supreme Court, resigned his office: the President nominated Mr. Taney to fill the vacancy. This time the nomination was sent to the Senate in due time; that body, however, had not forgiven either General Jackson or Mr. Taney, and it postponed the subject indefinitely—thus in effect rejecting it. Fortune had seemingly turned her back upon Mr. Taney.

In the midst, however, of his chagrin and disappointment, and while General Jackson was raging, in his characteristic way, at the hostility of the Senate, the astounding news reached him that Chief-Justice Marshall, of the United States Supreme Court, had suddenly died. The President acted as promptly as was his custom. He appointed Mr. Taney to fill the vacancy. And this time, in March, 1836, some changes having been made in the Senate which strengthened the President in that body, the nomination was duly confirmed. Chief-Justice Taney took his seat on the Supreme Bench at Washington in January, 1837—nearly twenty-four years ago.

As Presiding Judge of the leading Court of Justice in the United States Mr. Taney has won high fame. His decisions command general respect, and his opinions are quoted as authority not only throughout this country but in Europe also. Within the past year or two he has, after twenty years' absolution from the strife of politics, been subjected to some animadversion by members of the Republican party in consequence of the Dred Scott decision. Without entering upon the controversy involved in this celebrated case, we may close this brief sketch with the remark that, when Judge Taney shall have disappeared altogether from public life, members of all parties will unite to commend his vast learning, his unspotted integrity, and his remarkable suavity. A career of a quarter of a century upon the Bench of the Supreme Court—during which he has sworn in no less than six Presidents of the United States—has won for him an honorable place in history.

Several gentlemen are mentioned in the papers as likely to succeed Chief-Justice Taney — Mr. Black, of Pennsylvania; Mr. Cushing, of Massachusetts, etc.



HON. ROGER B. TANEY, CHIEF-JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES.—[Photographed by Brady.]

FANNY'S DOOM.

Fanny Endon, at the age of sixteen, was one of the most fascinating girls I ever knew. Brought up in strict retirement, she had a wild freedom of manner—very different indeed from what that expression would signify in the world, but extremely delightful to the few who had access to her society. Her animal spirits were excessive, and her disposition was winning, endearing. Fanny's beauty was peculiar. Her eyes were of a lustrous brown; her hair was profuse, and of a rich auburn; and her complexion of dazzling whiteness. Her mouth gave a character of exquisite sweetness to her whole face; and when the lips parted to smile and revealed her faultless teeth, Fanny Endon was irresistible.

She lived with her mother, a widow lady, in a retired part of the State of New York, and there, too, my lot for many years was cast. My days of love were gone by for ever, or else I could never have withstood the bewitching charms of Fanny Endon. She had some such impression herself, for she treated me with perfect familiarity. There was only the length of a lane between her mother's house and mine, and she was as much at home in one as in the other. A morning seldom passed without finding her in my library rummaging among the books; for she had a mind attuned to fine issues, and her taste led her to history as well as to works of lighter reading. Even in her early girlhood I formed a correct estimate of Fanny's disposition; I saw that, for her, there was no medium; her life could not be a tame one; she must either be most happy or most miserable. In my sincere affection for her I became very anxious for her future welfare.

The time approached when her fate was to be fixed forever; and, unconsciously, I was in some degree its means. I happened to be staying for a few days at the house of a friend, where I met an old acquaintance whom I had not seen for many years. I was greatly charmed with him, asked him to return home with me, and he accepted the invitation.

Edward Delaine—such was his name—was at this time in the prime of youthful manhood, and his remarkable personal advantages were enhanced by an air of cultivation and intelligence. His father had not been long dead, and he had inherited considerable property. Previously he had passed some years abroad as an *attaché* to one of our embassies, and this had given to his education a finish that made his society very pleasing. But he had none of the coldness of the diplomat about him; his feelings were keen, and his manners were warm and eloquent. His education had tempered, not destroyed, that ardor of disposition for which he had been remarkable at school. Such was the man destined to win the heart of Fanny Endon.

The first time they met was at my house, when there were a good many people present. The conversation happened to turn on some European topic, and Delaine was appealed to. He was interested in the subject, and spoke with animation and energy. I chanced, at the moment, to notice Fanny. Little accustomed to the restraints of society, she allowed the admiration with which she listened to appear but too plainly on her countenance. Her head was slightly inclined backward—her eyes were keenly bent on Edward's face—and her lips were slightly parted, with an expression that told of the most intense attention. When Delaine ceased her gaze remained fixed on him for some time, as though to scan further a character of which her first knowledge pleased her so much—and, as at last she turned away, I could perceive a gentle sigh escape her. That was the first he

caused her to breathe—would to God it had been the last also!

On that evening Delaine was not introduced to her; but he was too good a judge, and too great an admirer of beauty, not to be struck with her appearance, and to question me concerning her. After what I had noticed I felt somewhat uneasy; for, bred in the latitude of European ideas on these subjects, Delaine was, of all men, least likely to become seriously attached to a wild rustic beauty like Fanny. Still he had a good heart when he allowed it fair play, and I did not fear his taking advantage of so guileless and unguarded a creature.

Nevertheless his curiosity was awakened by the singularity of her manner. He began his acquaintance with her by merely seeking to draw her out and analyze her real disposition. But his interest in her soon began to assume a suspicious complexion. Some circumstance or other constantly drew him to Mrs. Endon's cottage. Now it was to lend Fanny drawings, now to practice music with her. Whenever she walked, or rode on horseback, a frequent custom, she was sure to meet Delaine by the purest accident. Poor Fanny! Those days of dawning love were the most exquisitely happy she ever knew. She abandoned her whole soul to the new passion, and the object of it himself was no doubt startled when he discovered its strength, for he merely fancied that he had excited the interest of a favored but recent acquaintance. I am fully persuaded that, originally, Delaine had no intention of obtaining poor Fanny's love, and then trifling with her feelings; but the rapidity and intensity of her affection took him by surprise, and he himself became entangled before he was well aware of it.

I was alarmed at the frequency of Delaine's visits to the cottage, and availed myself of some business which called me to New York to put a period to his stay. We went to town together. I was detained there considerably longer than I expected, and afterward traveled into a distant part of the country before I returned home.

Upward of two months had elapsed since I left it, and now it was nearly mid-summer. I arrived at home early in the day, and determined to walk over to the cottage to see my friends before dinner. Mrs. Endon's cottage deserved its name, for it was of moderate size, and the walls, and even the roof, in many parts, were covered with ivy. There was a small garden in front, and, using the privilege of an old friend, I opened the gate, and walked into the parlor, which was on the ground-floor, without knocking at the door or waiting for the servant to announce me.

As I entered the room I started with extreme surprise. Fanny was seated on the sofa, and by her side was Edward Delaine! One of her hands was held in his; he was speaking with animation and rapidity, though in a low tone, while her head was drooped upon her breast, and her hair hung over her brow and eyes so as to hide their expression. On her cheek I thought I discovered a tear. Such was the group that met my gaze as I entered Mrs. Endon's cottage. I believe I expressed my astonishment audibly, for they started up; and *their* surprise was mingled with great confusion.

Edward was the first to recover himself, and, answering my exclamation of wonder at seeing him, he said that he had come to witness a trotting match which was shortly to take place.

"Humph!" I replied, "I did not know you were an amateur of horse-racing."

"Nor am I," he rejoined; "but my friend Reynolds made it a point with me to come."

I gave him a reproachful look. By this time Fanny also had recovered herself and welcomed me with her usual warmth and cordiality. But its wonted ease and freedom were gone.

I sat some time, and showed Delaine that I was determined not to leave him behind me. Finding that he could not outstay me, he rang for his horse and went off. I asked for Mrs. Endon, and learned that she was gone to the neighboring town, and had been absent all the morning. I was at a loss how to act. On intimate terms of friendship, as I had always been with Fanny and her mother, still this was too delicate a subject for me to trench upon with the former. Hints and innuendoes only irritate, and do no manner of good; so, after sitting a short time longer, I took my leave, resolving to have a full explanation with Delaine respecting his intentions on the very first opportunity.

That opportunity never arrived. The next morning I was sent for by Mrs. Endon, and, upon reaching the cottage, to my utter astonishment and dismay, I heard that Fanny had eloped with Edward Delaine.

I could not account for such a step. Edward was his own master; in every way he was likely to prove an acceptable son-in-law to Mrs. Endon, and, if his attachment was sincere, why not openly make Fanny his wife?

Mrs. Endon sent for me as the friend of Delaine and her own. She idolized her daughter, had been her only companion for ten years, and had watched every quality of heart, mind, and person expand from the beautiful bud into a perfect blossom. Fanny, too, regarded her mother as almost something more than of this earth; and powerful must have been the passion which could have induced her thus to leave that mother.

Mrs. Endon informed me that Edward Delaine had returned to the country about a month before, and had renewed his visits. His attentions to her daughter had become very marked, and, two nights ago, she had been alarmed and shocked at the discovery that Fanny was engaged in a clandestine correspondence with him. Fanny was seated on her bed reading a letter with such absorbing attention that she did not hear her mother enter. When she approached her, Fanny hurriedly closed and endeavored to hide the manuscript.

"I spoke to her," continued Mrs. Endon, "more in sorrow than in anger, and she seemed touched to the soul. I adjured her to abstain from every thing clandestine; it was unworthy of her; it was degrading; it was nearly allied to falsehood. She threw herself into my arms, and promised that all secret intercourse should cease. But I feel now the real meaning of her tones and looks. I am convinced that her resolve was taken—that I spoke too late. She exclaimed, 'Oh, mother!' as she withdrew from my arms, and again sinking upon my neck, wept as though her heart would break."

Here the poor old lady's own sobs prevented further utterance.

On her departure Fanny had left behind a scrap of paper, on which were written these words: "I can not write. I am leaving you forever. Pity and forgive your poor lost child!"

I did not know how to act. To pursue the pair seemed to me hopeless and vain. She had eloped with him; the evil was done; it lay in his breast to remedy it, and there alone. With bitter anxiety did we expect letters; with trembling eagerness we searched the newspapers, day after day, to see if their marriage was announced. Weeks passed, and all was still suspense; and Mrs. Endon's health began to sink under her trials.

At length the mystery was solved. I received a letter from Delaine, dated New Orleans. He confessed to me the cursed truth that when he eloped with Fanny Endon he was already married—to a woman, it was true, whom he hated, and from whom he shortly hoped to be divorced—but still married. I had not patience to read his excuse of passionate love, which he urged in partial defense of his crime, and flung the letter from me in disgust. But I had one melancholy task to perform, and the sooner it was done the better.

I found Mrs. Endon sitting with her knitting in her hands, but not working; her eyes fixed, and swimming in tears. She was looking at a picture of her daughter that hung opposite. The moment I entered she saw I had something to communicate.

"O God! tell me what it is. Any thing is better than suspense. Tell me the worst at once."

I then made known to her, by degrees, the substance of Delaine's letter. She seemed heart-stricken by this confirmation of her worst forebodings.

"Forgive her! Yes, indeed—poor, lost, dear, ever-dearest child—I do forgive her from my heart!" she exclaimed. "Tell her this, or bring me your letter, and I will write just those words at the bottom of it. And now, Sir, leave me. I must seek consolation where alone it is to be found."

I did not see Mrs. Endon for several days after this interview. When next I met her I was shocked at the awful change that so short a time had wrought. Despair was seated in her sunken eyes, and death—the death of a broken heart—had laid its finger upon her cheek. She asked me if I had written, and I answered that I had.

"Give me your paper," she said.

I placed the sheet before her, with a pen, and she then wrote, with a trembling hand, the words, "I forgive you, Fanny. God Almighty bless you, my only, my dear child!" She laid down the pen, and sunk back quite exhausted upon her seat.

In concluding my letter to Edward Delaine, I did not conceal from him the state of Mrs. Endon's health.

"If any thing can save her," I wrote, "it is the restoration of her daughter. Hasten, I implore you, as you value your future peace of mind forever, to make the miserable reparation which is yet in your power."

But Mrs. Endon's malady was beyond the reach of help or hope. She declined rapidly. Every day she became more feeble; she spoke but little; she did not complain, but death had manifestly fixed upon her his icy grasp; he could not be far distant. Three weeks after I had communicated to her the contents of Delaine's letter she died. Her end was calm, and she breathed her last imploring the mercy of Heaven on her erring child.

I attended her funeral. Besides myself there were but few mourners. The little procession was just turning in at the gate of the church-yard when the rattling of wheels was heard behind us, and I saw a coach advancing at a furious pace. The truth flashed across me in a moment. I trembled all over, but I said nothing. I might be mistaken.

I was not.

The coach reached the church-yard gate; the gate was flung open, and a female figure, which we all knew in a moment, rushed up the pathway, and threw herself, with an agonizing scream, upon the coffin. We hastened to raise her up; she was senseless.

Alas! poor Fanny, she has never recovered those senses since!

A HUMAN SKULL.

A HUMAN skull! I bought it passing cheap—
Of course 'twas dearer to its first employer;
I thought mortality did well to keep
Some mute memento of the Old Destroyer.

It is a ghostly monitor, and most
Experienced our wasting sand in summing;
It is a grave domestic finger-post
Of Life—an emblem of the shadows coming.

Time was some may have prized its blooming skin:
Here lips were woo'd perhaps in transport tender:
Some may have chucked what was a dimpled chin,
And never had my doubt about its gender!

Did she live yesterday, or ages back?
What color were the eyes when bright and waking?
And were your ringlets fair, or brown, or black,
Poor little head! that long has done with aching?

It may have held (to shoot some random shots)
Thy brains, Eliza Fry, or Baron Byron's,
The wits of Nelly Gwynn, or Doctor Watts,
Two quoted bards! two philanthropic sirens!

But this I surely knew before I closed
The bargain on the morning that I bought it—
It was not half so bad as some supposed,
Nor quite as good as many may have thought it.

Who love, can need no special type of Death:
He bares his awful face too soon, too often;—
"Immortelles" bloom in Beauty's bridal wreath;
And does not yon green elm contain a coffin?

Oh! cara mine, what lines of care are these?
The heart still lingers with the golden hours,
An autumn tint is on the chestnut-trees,
And where is all that boasted wealth of flowers?

If Life no more can yield us what it gave,
It still is linked with much that calls for praises—
A very worthless rogue may dig the grave,
But hands unseen will dress the turf with daisies.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1860.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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THE COMING CRISIS IN ENGLAND.

WE have had so much trouble at home since the election that but few of us have had time to think of the consequences of our present complications upon the commercial community of Great Britain. A glance at the state of affairs in England shows that, however great our own suffering may be, the English must suffer much more.

England is at present undergoing the natural consequences of a short harvest of cereals. She is taking a million dollars' worth of food from us per week; if her soil had been as fruitful as usual, she would not have taken over a quarter of this amount. The difference must be paid for in gold, or in its equivalent, credits on London. She is, moreover, carrying on a war in China, which involves an expenditure of fully half a million dollars per week, the whole of which is paid in specie. Add to this that our imports from Great Britain this year have been considerably lighter than those of last year, and that in all probability we shall take still less next spring, and it will be seen that the commercial portion of England, before the recent turn in the exchanges, was quite critical. Now, the exchanges have turned against Great Britain to such an extent that there is a profit of four and five per cent. on the importation of gold from England. It is pretended, in certain quarters, that this turn in the exchanges arises from the want of money among importers—in other words, that it is an indication of our poverty. The event will prove, on the contrary, that it is a most convincing indication of our strength, and that the fall in sterling bills simply means, that, instead of owing several millions to Great Britain, as we generally do, that country is in debt to us, and is increasing that debt every month and every week.

What the effect will be in England when we come to draw a million a week in bullion from them, we forbear to speculate. A requisition for $1,500,000 by the Bank of France obliged the Bank of England to advance the rate of interest from 4 to 5 per cent. At this rate our demands would justify an advance to 10 per cent. within a few weeks. But would this save the British commercial public?

We can not see that it would. Sight bills on London are offered by the agents of the Rothschilds at 106 per cent. This leaves a profit of considerably over one per cent. on the importation of specie from England—whatever the Bank rate of interest may be. The advance in the rate of interest would inconvenience British merchants, and would involve a serious loss on all kinds of merchandise and property; but we can not discover that it would interpose any serious obstacle to the export of gold to the United States.

There is good reason to believe that we are witnessing one of the most remarkable transitions in history—the transfer of commercial sovereignty from London to New York.

A quarter of a century since, this country was always a debtor to the foreign world. In those days the United States Bank tried to bridge over the gulf between our exports of food and our exports of cotton by a system of "kiting." It answered for a few years, and then broke down. The catastrophe led to a general liquidation and a universal curtailment of expenditures, which, for a few years, answered the desired end. In or about 1850 we began again to expand. Our production of gold and produce increased, and so did our expenditure. The latter, as usual in this country, finally outran the former, and the result was the crisis of 1857. Since then we have pursued a different plan. Our expenditures have been curtailed throughout the country; our production has increased. The result is that now, instead of owing money to Europe, we are creditors of the world at large. The trade statistics of the fiscal year 1860–'61 will show, if they are accurately made up, that we have exported very much more produce and gold than we have imported of foreign goods. The result is the decline in exchange to which we have alluded; which is the proper symptom of the transfer of commercial sovereignty from London to New York.

The transition can not be effected without a severe ordeal on the other side the Atlantic. London has been for a century the true centre of the trade of the world. It is now going to sink into a secondary position, and New York is going to take its place. The change will involve a crisis in England such as that country has never known: those among us who have interests on the other side of the ocean must prepare for the emergency.

THE LOUNGER.

NOW AND THEN.

THE character and career of the great Italian, Garibaldi, are constantly more illustrious. It is surprising that Walter Savage Landor, who used to dedicate a fresh work to every new hero of liberty, or who seemed to him to be such—to Bolivar, General Jackson, and even Pope Pius, in the early days of his reign—has not been inspired to gather some late ripened fruit of his genius, and lay it at the feet of Garibaldi.

There was some talk of sending him some kind of tribute from this country. But what could be sent that would be so welcome to him as the consciousness of the national admiration and sympathy? When the Prince of Wales had received such a greeting as that multitude which thronged the city, a ball of some persons at the Academy, however handsome and successful, was limited and small in its impression. So, after the grandeur of national feeling which Garibaldi knows to be universal among us, any thing less than an official national tribute would be altogether meagre and insufficient.

After freeing his country he puts the crown, with his country's consent, upon the head of Victor Emanuel, and retires. Throughout his conduct has been most manly and simple. There was at one moment a little doubt: there was some danger that he might not agree with Cavour—a danger full of menace for Italian liberty. But in nothing has Garibaldi shown his real greatness of soul more plainly than in his yielding his own plan. He was brave enough to reconsider his own intentions, and wise enough to correct his own words. He said, early in the summer, that he should proclaim the kingdom of Italy from Rome, and that, until then, Sicily and Naples must have a provisional government. But when Cavour said and showed that this plan would be disastrous, and help to defeat the very purpose they both contemplated, Garibaldi heroically yielded, and the work is done—done by him, yet not exactly as he had intended.

If it could not be done with the brain of Cavour, the heart of Garibaldi, and the hand of Victor Emanuel, when and how could it have been hoped for? If it can not be settled and organized by the same combination, is there any reasonable hope for Italy?

The spectacle of the hero sheathing his sword and bowing his head before the king he has crowned with a people's choice has but one parallel in history. Such simple, tranquil greatness, untainted with private ambition, the world has not often seen in all its ages and in all the countries. As I write my eye rests upon a picture of Napoleon Bonaparte, sitting in silk and velvet and satin, spangled and embroidered, like a Roman emperor made a God. How infinitely poor the spectacle! How paltry the ambition and reward! Think of Napoleon Bonaparte at Saint Helena and Garibaldi at his country home!

Then I recall the words that were spoken when this nation was born:

"Happy in the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, I resign the appointment I accepted with diffidence; which, however, was superseded by a confidence in the rectitude of our cause, the support of the supreme power of the nation, and the patronage of Heaven. I close the last act of my official life by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them to His holy keeping. Having finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action, and, bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission, and take my leave of the employments of my public life."

Listen to the reply:

"Sir, having defended the standard of liberty in the New World; having taught a lesson useful to those who inflict and those who feel oppression, you retire with the blessings of your fellow-citizens, though the glory of your virtues will not terminate with your military command, but will descend to remotest ages."

Is it Garibaldi who speaks, and Italy that replies? No, it is Washington and America. And yet the same pure purpose, the same high honor, the same simple love of liberty and devotion to duty, are they not the same in both the heroes? Shall we not stretch out our hands and hearts to

Italy, and say to her, "Sister, we have each been dedicated to the same great purpose; let us work together to achieve it!"

MR. JOHN JOHNS.

It was a wild, snowy day, such as would have done honor to mid-January in Canada, when Mr. John Johns might have been seen entering a railroad car with his shawl, traveling-bag, and umbrella. It was at a way station, and the train had been delayed, for the sleet had coated the rails so smoothly that the wheels would occasionally merely revolve upon their axle-trees, and the train stand still at a tremendous rate. Then it would rally slowly, creep along gradually, take hold of the track, and finally roll along with that heavy smoothness so soothing to the passenger who wishes to read.

This particular passenger, Mr. John Johns, had several old papers and periodicals, which he had been reserving for some such moment as this. The long leisure of railroad travel, with nobody to talk to you or to make you afraid of having to talk, how useful it is to bring up the arrears of reading! Mr. John Johns opened some numbers of the London *Saturday Review*—a periodical which thinks nothing less than the choicest Champagne of itself—and read that Mr. Thackeray was no gentleman; then turning back as far away as last April, discovered that prize-fighters were the finest specimens of manhood and Christianity extant.

These were exhilarating things to read on a wild winter day, slipping comfortably along in a car with very few passengers and plenty of fresh air. The frost quite covered the windows, so that Mr. John Johns could not contemplate the scenery; and after reading he meditated for some time, until the cars stopped at a station. Then, lifting his window, he observed a great rush of boys and men along the platform, and a suppressed cry, "There he is! in the front car!" and the crowd swept by in the wild blowing snow, while several of his fellow-passengers started to their feet and pressed forward to gaze at some personage in the neighboring car.

Mr. John Johns was perplexed.

"It can't be P. Wales," he said to himself, "for he is at home long ago. It can't be any new or old President, for they are also quietly at home. It can't be any distinguished Senator, for they, too, are at home after the election. Who can it be?"

The whistle shrieked, and the train slipped on. Mr. John Johns opened his papers and read placidly on. Yet he could not help hearing a murmur about him—"I saw him! No, did you? How does he look? Well, Matilda, would you like to see him? Certainly; why not? WHY, *Matilda-a-a-a!*"

Mr. John Johns could not but admire the heroism of Matilda; but he was sorely curious to know what illustrious personage the train contained. "Time will show" he said. "I shall not ask. Who on earth can it be that Matilda ought not to wish to see?" Mr. John Johns thrilled as a thought transfixed him. "Of course," he said to himself, with the satisfaction of triumph, "Brigham Young, of course."

He returned to his reading of the *Saturday Review's* exhortation, that all men should become even as Tom Sayers is. The cars stopped again. There was the same rush and excitement. He put his head out of the window, but could see nothing. "'Tis very extraordinary!" quoth Mr. John Johns, and he watched the eager Matilda as she pressed forward, despite the deprecatory warnings of her sister, to see the object of desire.

At length the train stopped again. "Twen-n-nty minutes for dinner!" shouted a cheerful voice, and the company of passengers rose simultaneously, and moved to the door of the car. They stepped down in the whirlwind of snow upon the platform. Mr. John Johns stamped vigorously as he entered the station-room, to knock the snow off his boots, and, looking up, saw a large crowd gathered about the dining-room door, which was not yet open. But the door flew open immediately, and a few of the persons only, the core of the crowd, passed in to dinner; the bulk of the throng remained staring and gaping at the party which had entered, composed of six or eight persons.

"I am bound to investigate it," said Mr. John Johns to himself, and he seated himself at table opposite the party. The hero of the group was evidently the one whom Matilda had been willing and anxious to see. It was a hero whose depth from breast to back was remarkable: his *torso* was splendid. He was dressed very simply, and was shaved, except upon his upper lip, which was hidden by a heavy dark mustache. The hero's nose was broken as to the bone, and raw in two spots as to the skin. The right eye was black and swollen, and the left eye sadly bumped or bruised or "bunged." The gaping crowd swarmed at the end of the room, and surveyed him as he ate, as the royal Bengal tiger is contemplated at feeding time. First of all the guests he rose from table accompanied by his retinue, whose noses had a singular uniformity of appearance, and, walking very erect and without any swagger, he passed out of the hall, the expectant and admiring crowd opening before him as he advanced.

"I hope," said the sympathetic Mr. John Johns, "I hope that Matilda is in a favorable place for seeing." But the impatient bell hurried the guests into the train, and away they went again, while Mr. John Johns resumed his reading of the character of the Christian athlete, as expounded by the London *Saturday Review*. Late at night, long after the due hour—for they had been so sadly delayed by the snow-storm—the train rolled into a certain city. Mr. John Johns betook himself to his favorite hotel. He supped, and he lighted his cigar. "Now I wonder," he said, "who it is that I have seen to-day."

He raised his eyes as if to interrogate the fates, and behold, upon a poster printed in black and blue ink—"*National Welcome to John C. Heenan.*"

"'Twas the Benicia Boy," quoth Mr. John Johns, as he took his candle; and so ended a day's sight-seeing.

THE NEW STORY.

The new novel of Dickens's, "Great Expectations," which was begun in the *Weekly* two weeks ago, opens with all the familiar raciness and power. In a sharp characterization, not only of human beings but of landscape and scenery, Dickens is without a rival. The very houses and fields have a sympathy with the story in which they are depicted. In "Little Dorrit," for instance, how curiously interested you become in the old house with the mysterious noises in the wall, and in the spell which it casts and holds over poor Affery Flintwinch! There is a sickly fascination about the old place which the stern Mrs. Clennam and Flintwinch himself and the Mephistophilean foreigner can not surpass; and so strongly is this conveyed that, if you remember the picture of the last scene in the history of the house, in which Mephisto sits smoking in the front window, you can not escape the weird look of consciousness in the old pile—a dark, shadowy, inscrutable consciousness, as if it knew the part it was playing in the drama, and was aware of the significance and importance of its agency.

When "Little Dorrit" was completed, some critic (in *Blackwood*, I think) assailed it as a hodge-podge, as written at random, without a plot or purpose, and, in proof, cited the very incident of the falling house, a mere make-shift, as the critic declared, to dispose of the story, and a shift suggested by the recent fall of a house in London.

Dickens thought fit to reply in the *Household Words* to this critic. It is happy for all his readers that he did so, because he entirely demolished the reviewer, and showed that his care in construction was as great as his power of conception and narrative. He reminded the reader that, in the very first part of the story, published nearly two years before the last, and of course the same time before the fall of the London house, he had described the singular, inexplicable noises in the house. He did not tell us what they were. They were magnified and made mysterious by the nervous apprehension of Mistress Affery, to whom they were supernatural sounds. And all through the book these sounds recurred like a ghostly refrain, pointing directly, though the reader could not know it yet, to the catastrophe; themselves accomplishing the catastrophe, which, when it came, explained the mystery which had accompanied us from the first chapter. It was a most felicitous stroke of literary art, and it is no wonder that Dickens rushed to the rescue to avenge his own skill and common sense.

In the opening of "Great Expectations" the landscape is drawn into sympathy with the story, and in the same way. The lonely marshes with the creaking chains upon the gibbet, the starving convicts escaping from the hulks, the grave-yard in which lie buried Pip's parents, the hard life of Pip and his brother-in-law, and the great sad sea closing around the whole with its endless moan—these all combine in feeling and impression; men and landscape merge and mingle, and you lie, as you read, in the grasp of genius.

How affluent, how sweet and genial that genius is! What a happy consciousness to the man, as he seats himself daily to tell his story, that thousands and thousands are eagerly waiting to follow where he leads! Let a Lounger exhort all who listen to him not to fail to begin this new story now. If you wait until it is completed you will hardly read it at all. A hundred other things will dispute your attention. When authors are taught by circumstances that it is wiser for them to write serially, readers may be very sure that it is wiser for them to read serially.

A PLEA FOR MERCY.

Can nothing be done? Is it not enough that people must leave their homes in the fiercest winter weather, but must the pain of the heart be emphasized by that of the body? "Pewer are, sextant, pewer are!" Is there any more ludicrously contemptible spectacle in the nineteenth century than sixty people packed into an air-tight box with a furious stove burning at the ends or in the middle, and furious passions raging against any luckless wight who tries to help them?

A traveler took the train at Detroit on a grizzly November evening. It was just dusk, and the huge station was chilly, and the darkness made more dreary by a few spectral lights. The hapless stranger knew what awaited him, and lingered and lingered upon the platform. He looked at the windows, which were covered with vapor, and saw that not a solitary crack held out hope of oxygen within. Suddenly the bell rang sharply and quickly, and the reluctant traveler lifted his feet slowly upon the steps and opened the door. The box was solid with men in heavy woolen coats, saturated with the moisture. There were two stoves heated to the due American degree. The atmosphere was thick with the fumes of the wet garments and the exhausted air; and there was a universal aspect of profound depression in the faces and forms of the passengers.

It was at once clear to the traveler that it would be very difficult to obtain a sufficient consent of the neighborhood to open a window. The sad victims were in for it, and they would not tolerate the efforts of any companion to escape. But when our friend seated himself he turned to the man behind, who was naturally interested in the matter, and asked him if he objected to having the window raised.

"Not at all; I likes the fresh air, but I don't like to make trouble."

They were two admirable propositions, and were not disputed by the traveler, who opened his window, and felt the electric thrill of the sweet cold air shoot through his frame. Immediately his neighbor in front, cheered by the cordial that poured unconsciously into his lungs, raised his window, and said that his head ached from the abominable foulness of the atmosphere. But this bold beginning was all. Nobody else had mercy upon himself or his neighbors. The rest sat grimly breathing poison, and shrugging their shoulders and looking revengefully virtuous toward the windows that had got high. Still the sweet cold air flowed in; the traveler rejoiced that reason, even if unwillingly, was at last allowed to have her way. But while he rejoiced, a fellow-traveler, who had been cowering over the hot iron stove, sallow, cadaverous, and sad, came and begged that the window might be closed, it was so *very* raw and cold.

"But then you are so far away," pleaded the traveler.

"I know, but it makes the air so cold."

"Not where you are. It can not blow on you."

"Yes, yes, but then it *looks* so dreadfully cold; and I know it is so even if I don't feel it."

The sallow poet had to be satisfied with a compromise. The traveler partly closed the window and stoutly clung to the crack sucking the sweet air through.

Now in all that box or car there was no means of ventilation whatsoever but two small register-like holes at the end on each side of the door. There were at least sixty people shut up in the place, more than could find seats, and a man introduced some vitality into the atmosphere and tried to neutralize the poison at his peril. Now don't let us submit to this imposition any longer. If a man or woman is ill and can not endure the air, then sacrifice yourself, if you can not change your seat. But when great hulking men and hearty women insist upon sitting in the suffocating medium, insist that you will not. Insist that they are just as much bound to yield to you and fresh air as you are to surrender to them and carbonic acid gas. Try it to the end. Call the conductor if the foe resists. In default of the conductor take the sense of the people in the car. Among the inalienable rights of men is that of fresh air. Don't suffer yourself to be deprived of it without a struggle. Yield if you must: if the voice of the passengers is against you, but yield under protest. Cry to the last "pewer are, sextant, pewer are!" So shall your children's children with sound lungs, shouting your name, and your refreshed and renewed fellow-men restored to their rights of oxygen, thank you and praise your name.

Let the travelers do that. As for the Lounger who exhorts them, don't take it unkindly if he does not practice what he preaches, and if you see him complacently breathing all the poisonous air in all the cars in the country.

A BUFFALO STUDIO.

Lounging lately through Buffalo I stepped into the studio of Mr. Beard. His pictures were gathered for a sale, previous to his departure for what the citizens of the city of New York call the metropolis. You did not exactly expect to find a studio in Buffalo—the pleasant, broad-streeted city upon the lake, with innumerable handsome houses standing at ease, with plenty of elbow-room, as it were, in open garden plots, and the lake winds blowing through the town and whisking away the seeds of disease. You anticipated great granaries, and battalions of canal boats, and innumerable wriggling serpents known as railroad trains, and a universal whistling of steam and roar of traffic and busy crowds. But pictures and Buffalo are words that do not immediately mingle in your imagination.

Stepping out of an open space upon which stands one of the up-town Gothic churches, in a moment we were standing in Beard's studio. He is peculiarly a painter of animals—not of their sentiment as Landseer is—not of their simple animal nature as Rosa Bonheur is, but of the humor that the human imagination may readily find in them. A huge snowy owl, perched upon a mountain height at midnight, gazing with wise, ludicrously wise eyes, at the stars, "disfigures or presents" an astronomer. And upon this canvas is a carnival of bears. Fancy Grizzly Adams's arsine family upon a picnic, in a wood, with piles of luscious fruit on which they riot, which they eat sitting upon their hind legs, which intoxicates and surfeits them, so that they lie drunk and weary upon the ground—fancy, in fact, *bears upon a bender*, and you have the picture which Beard calls by that name.

It is a new vein delicately worked; but it is not all that the artist has done. His pictures of deer upon the prairie are spirited and good. There is a Puss in Boots, a Red Riding Hood with the expectant wolf. For some reason the painter does not stay in Buffalo. He is drawn to the great centre whither the artists all tend. Even there, then, tents seem to be pitched forlorn upon the outskirts of our civilization. Think of the sale of Mr. Leupp's gallery the other day! At what prices the pictures went! No, we are not quite ripe yet for pictures. Patience, patience! the great Italian pictures are not yet five hundred years old; and how old is Italy?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE TWO KINGS AT TEANO.

OCTOBER 25, 1860.

Victor and Garibaldi, side by side—
  The crowned King and the crownless—hand in hand,
'Neath the blue sky of their regenerate land,
Silent, mid shouting thousands, Lo, they ride!
Not many royal hands so pure of guilt,
  As to be laid within that stainless palm,
Horny with grasp of the familiar hilt;
  Not many royal looks could brave the calm
Of those deep-seated and unwavering eyes,
  Fearful or terrible, as ruth or war
Subdues or lights them. Ride on, to the cries
  Of "Long live Italy!" while, near and far,
All good men's hopes bless thine investiture,
  Honest King-maker, of an honest King,
And pray thy work may stand, till rooted sure,
  In spite of friends that as the ivy cling,
  Stifling with wintry green, that shows like spring.
Ride on, Victor Emanuel, to the throne
  From which crowned wickedness hath toppled down,
While Garibaldi, guerdonless, alone,
  Takes his far higher throne, and nobler crown!

When is a man out of date?—When he's a weak back.

The Bourbon and the Black Prince.—We have the best authority for stating that Francis II., the ex-King of Naples, has declined, with thanks, the asylum which has been offered him by the Queen of Spain and the Emperor of Austria. The dethroned monarch will reside at the Court of a Royal brother, where he will feel much more at home than he probably would even in the Imperial Palace at Vienna. His Majesty has decided on accepting the hospitality of the King of Dahomey.

A Pun for poor Creatures.—The partisans of the Pope and the other tyrants of Italy call Garibaldi a Filibuster. As that hero is fighting for the freedom of the Italian boot, might they not as well content themselves with calling him a Freebooter?

The strongest Argument against Capital Punishment.—Dethroned Tyrants are not hanged.

Mineralogical Discovery by an Irishman.—How to turn brass into gold—"Marry an heiress."

Happiness and sorrow are the measures of our mortal life; we willingly record the moments of gladness, and sorrow's hours make their own impress.

Narrow-minded men, who have not a thought beyond the little sphere of their own vision, recall the Hindoo saying: "The snail sees nothing but its own shell, and thinks it the grandest in the universe."

At every instant during life a portion of our substance becomes dead, combines with some of the inhaled oxygen, and is removed. By this process it is supposed that the whole body is renewed every seven years.

It is a little thing to speak a phrase of common comfort, which, by daily use, has lost its sense; yet, on the ear of him who thought to die unmourned, 'twill fall like sweetest music.

Love one human being purely and warmly, and you will love all. The heart, in this heaven, like the wandering sun, sees nothing, from the dew-drop to the ocean, but a mirror which it warms and fills.

It seems a great misfortune that body and mind, like man and wife, do not always agree to die together. It is bad when the mind survives the body; worse still when the body survives the mind; and worst of all when both survive health and hope.

One of the missionaries in Burmah, speaking of the cholera, says, "A new treatment of this disease has come in vogue—inoculation. An incision is made on the breast or back of the patient, and an extract of quassia is inserted. It seldom fails of effecting a cure."

Some sensible chap says, truly, that a person who undertakes to raise himself by scandalizing others, might just as well sit down on a wheel-barrow and undertake to wheel himself.

"Will you marry me, Miss?" "Sir, you know very well I have often declared I would never marry." "Oh yes: if I hadn't known it, I shouldn't have asked you."

"Poor boy!" pityingly said a kind-hearted old lady in Quebec, when the Prince stood bareheaded under a burning sun to receive some complimentary address. "Poor boy! why don't he put on his crown to keep the sun off?"

WOMAN'S VANITY.

Though she is old she thinks she's young,
  And yet there's no insanity;
What *can* it be deludes her thus?
  Pshaw! only woman's vanity.

She wears gay clothes of various hues,
  Oh, weakness of humanity!
And then she tips her cap awry,
  Which shows a woman's vanity.

What's more, she thinks she's quite "a Blue,"
  Although there's much inanity;
How can she think herself a wit?
  Go ask a woman's vanity!

But ladies, though her fault we see,
  Let's treat her with urbanity;
For more or less we all have got
  A spice of woman's vanity.

"Oh, ma," said Miss M'Stinger, rushing in to her ma, "ma, what a very twelve-dozen creature our washwoman is!"

"Indeed, is she! And what's that, my dear?" quoth the admiring mamma.

"Why, don't you know that twelve dozen is a gross," replied the astonished miss, "and gross is very coarse?"

"Yes, of course. What a lovely thing education is, my child!"

Mr. E——, a barrister, noted for absence of mind, was once witnessing the representation of "Macbeth;" and on the witch's replying to the Thane's inquiry, that they were "doing a deed without a name," catching the sound of the words, he started up, exclaiming, to the astonishment of the audience, "A deed without a name! Why, it's void; it's not worth six-pence."

Two Frenchmen—one wealthy and in possession of ready cash, and the other poor and penniless—occupied, by chance, the same room in a suburban hotel. In the morning the seedy one arose first, took from his pocket a pistol, and holding it to his forehead, and backing against the door, exclaimed to his horrified companion, "It is my last desperate resort; I am penniless and tired of life; give me five hundred francs, or I will instantly blow out my brains, and you will be arrested as a murderer!" The other lodger found himself the hero of an unpleasant dilemma; but the cogency of his companion's reasoning struck him "cold." He quietly crept to his pantaloons, and handed over the amount; and the other vamosed, after locking the door on the outside.

When is the soup likely to run out of the sauce-pan?—When there is a leek in it.

"I'll let you know when I come again," as the rheumatism said to the shoulder.

An attorney having died in poor circumstances, one of his friends observed that he had left but few effects. "That is not much to be wondered at," said another, "for he had but few causes."

"I will and bequeath," said Pat, "to my beloved wife Bridget all my property without reserve, to my oldest son Patrick one-half of the remainder, and to Dennis, my younger son, the rest. If any thing is left, it may go to Terence O'Carty, in sweet Ireland."

"Ah!" said a Sunday-school teacher; "ah, Caroline Jones, what do you think you would have been without your good father and pious mother?"

"I suppose, mum," said Caroline, who was very much struck with the soft appeal, "I suppose, mum, as I should ha' been a horphan."

The Duchess of Kingston was remarkable for having a high sense of her own dignity. Being one day detained in her carriage by the unloading of a cart of coals in a very narrow street, she leaned with both her arms upon the door, and said to the man,

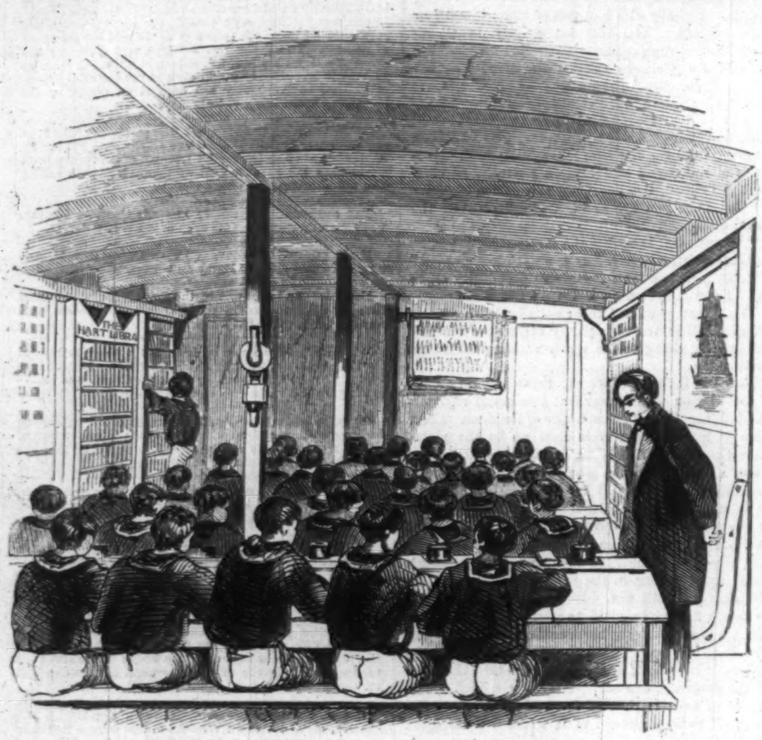
"How dare you, sirrah, stop a woman of quality in the street?"

"Woman of quality?" replied the man.

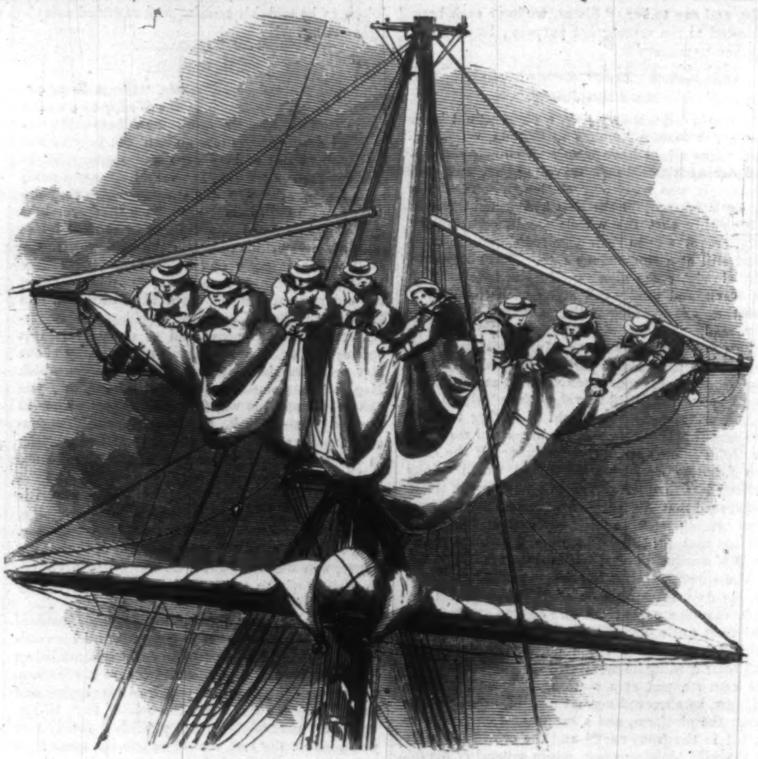
"Yes, fellow," rejoined her Grace. "Don't you see my arms on my carriage?"

"Yes," replied he, "I do; and a pair of coarse arms they are."

It is mentioned as a curious circumstance that a watch should be perfectly dry when it has a running spring in it.



PUPILS AT THEIR STUDIES—ON BOARD THE "LODEBAR."



EXERCISES ALOFT—FURLING SAIL.

THE MARINE SCHOOL AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

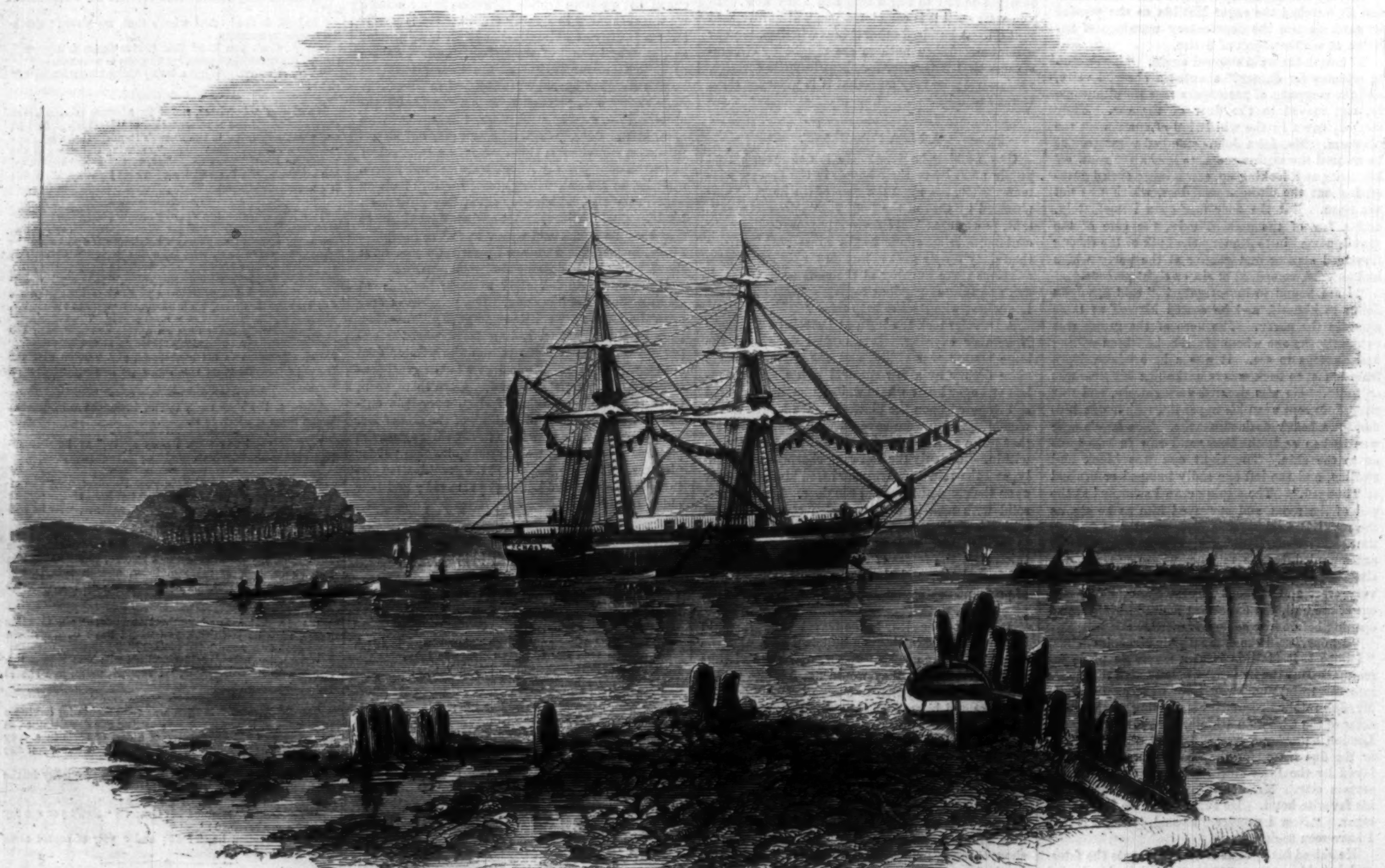
THE accompanying engravings will introduce our readers to one of the most interesting institutions of Charleston, South Carolina, and one which at the present time deserves general attention. We refer to the Marine School.

The originator of the school was Rev. W. B. Yates, Chaplain to the Charleston Port Society. Many years ago this gentleman reported to the Society that Charleston ought to establish a training-ship for sailors. After long deliberation the Board decided to act upon the suggestion, and accordingly a Board of Trustees was named in March, 1859. On 23d May of the same year the brig *Lodebar* was bought by the Trustees, towed from the wharf, and anchored in Cooper River. Her commander was Captain M. L. Aimar, who, with a teacher, boatswain, sailor, and sixteen pupils, constituted the crew of the new school. Since then the boatswain and the sailor have been superseded by a mate, Mr. T. L. A. Brown, and the number of pupils has been largely increased. Twenty-five young men have entered into indentures to serve as apprentices on board the school-ship for three years. The experiment, in fact, has proved a complete success, and it is expected that the boys will shortly be far enough advanced to enable them to take the brig to sea.

The rules and regulations of the Marine School are extremely stringent. At 5.30 A.M. in summer, and 6 A.M. in winter, all hands are called, and the boys dress and lash away their hammocks. Two days in each week they are called half an hour earlier, in order to give them time to wash their clothes. At 7 in summer, and 7.30 in winter, the deck is washed and the ship cleaned. This operation is succeeded, at 8, by breakfast. At 9 school begins; on Tuesdays and Thursdays the pupils learn navigation from the captain and mate; on the other days of the week they study the ordinary elements of an English education. One of our engravings shows the boys at work in their school-room. At 12.30 P.M. school is dismissed. At 1 the dinner commences. The afternoon is devoted to nautical evolutions and physical exercise. Supper takes place at 6 in winter and 7 in summer. After supper the boys read till 9, when all must turn in. Pupils are allowed to visit the city once a fortnight—on Saturday. No pupil is allowed to use tobacco or spirituous liquors, or to utter profane language. On Sundays the pupils are bound to attend the Mariner's Church, at which Mr. Yates officiates. One of our engravings gives a picture of that gentleman in his Bethel pulpit. This school is one of the most deserving in the country.

We notice that Governor Gist, in his Message just sent in to the Legislature, lays stress upon the importance of the Marine School at Charleston, and points out the value which it will possess should the State embark in a career of independent national existence. There is no port in the country which would not be greatly benefited by the establishment of similar nurseries for seamen, under proper management, and governed by men of judgment and experience.

PULPIT IN THE MARINER'S CHURCH, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.



BRIG "LODEBAR"—MARINE SCHOOL-SHIP, ASHLEY RIVER, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER V.

THE apparition of a file of soldiers ringing down the butt ends of their loaded muskets on our doorstep caused the dinner-party to rise from table confused, and caused Mrs. Joe re-entering the kitchen empty-handed, to stop short and stare, after her first wondering lament of "Lord gracious, what's gone with the pie!"

The sergeant and I were in the kitchen when Mrs. Joe stood staring; at which crisis I partly recovered the use of my senses. It was the sergeant who had spoken to me, and he was now looking round at the company, with his handcuffs invitingly extended toward them in his right hand, and his left on my shoulder.

"Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen," said the sergeant, "but as I have mentioned at the door to this young shaver" (which he hadn't), "I am on a chase for the King, and I want the blacksmith."

"And pray what might you want with *him?*" retorted my sister, quick to resent his being wanted at all.

"Missus," returned the gallant sergeant, "speaking for myself, I should reply, the honor and pleasure of his wife's acquaintance; speaking for the King, I answer, a little job done."

This was received as rather neat in the sergeant; insomuch that Mr. Pumblechook cried audibly, "Good again!"

"You see, blacksmith," said the sergeant, who had by this time picked out Joe with his eye, "we have had an accident with these, and find the lock of one of 'em goes wrong, and the coupling don't act pretty. As they are wanted for immediate service, will you throw your eye over them?"

Joe threw his eye over them, and pronounced that the job would necessitate the lighting of his forge fire, and would take nearer two hours than one. "Then will you set about it at once, blacksmith," said the sergeant, "as it's on his Majesty's service; and if my men can bear a hand any where, they'll make themselves useful." With that he called to his men, who came trooping into the kitchen one after another, and piled their arms in a corner. And there they stood about, as soldiers do; now, with their hands loosely clasped before them; now, resting a knee or a shoulder; now, easing a belt or a pouch; now, opening the door to spit stiffly over their high stocks out into the yard.

All these things I saw without knowing that I saw them, for I was in mortal terror. But, beginning to perceive that the handcuffs were not for me, and that the military had so far got the better of the pie as to put it in the back-ground for the moment, I collected a little more of my scattered wits.

"Would you give me the time?" said the sergeant, addressing himself to Mr. Pumblechook, as a man whose appreciative powers justified the inference that he was equal to the time.

"It's just gone half past two."

"That's not so bad," said the sergeant, reflecting; "even if I were forced to halt here nigh two hours, that'll do. How far might you call yourselves from the marshes here? Not above a mile, I reckon?"

"Just a mile," said Mrs. Joe.

"That'll do. We begin to close in upon 'em about dusk. A little before dusk, my orders are. That'll do."

"Convicts, sergeant?" asked Mr. Wopsle, in a matter-of-course way.

"Ay!" returned the sergeant, "two. They're pretty well known to be out on the marshes still, and they won't try to get clear of 'em before dusk. Any body here seen any thing of any such game?"

Every body, myself excepted, said no, with confidence. Nobody thought of me.

"Well!" said the sergeant, "they'll find themselves trapped in a circle, I expect, sooner than they count on. Now, blacksmith! If you're ready, the King is."

Joe had got his coat and waistcoat and cravat off, and his leather apron on, and passed into the forge. One of the soldiers opened its wooden windows, another lighted the fire, another turned to at the bellows, the rest stood round the blaze, which was soon roaring. Then Joe began to hammer and clink, hammer and clink, and all looked on.

The interest of the impending pursuit not only absorbed the general attention, but even made my sister generous. She drew a pitcher of beer from the cask for the soldiers, and invited the sergeant to take a glass of brandy. But Mr. Pumblechook said, sharply, "Give him wine, mum. I'll engage there's no Tar in that;" so the sergeant thanked him and said that, as he preferred his drink without tar, he would take wine, if it was equally convenient. When it was given him he drank his Majesty's health and Compliments of the Season, and took it all at a mouthful and smacked his lips.

"Good stuff, eh, sergeant?" said Mr. Pumblechook.

"I'll tell you something," returned the sergeant; "I suspect that stuff's of *your* providing."

Mr. Pumblechook, with a fat sort of laugh, said, "Ay, ay? Why?"

"Because," returned the sergeant, clapping him on the shoulder, "you're a man that knows what's what."

"D'ye think so?" said Mr. Pumblechook, with his former laugh. "Have another glass."

"With you. Hob and nob," returned the sergeant. "The top of mine to the foot of yours, the foot of yours to the top of mine. Ring once, ring twice, the best tune on the Musical Glasses! Your health. May you live a thousand years, and never be a worse judge of the right sort than at the present moment of your life!"

The sergeant tossed off his glass again and seemed quite ready for more. I noticed that Mr. Pumblechook in his hospitality appeared to forget that he had made a present of the wine, but took the bottle from Mrs. Joe and had all the credit of handing it about in a gush of joviality. Even I got some. And he was so very free of the wine that he even called for the other bottle, and handed that about with the same liberality when the first was gone.

As I watched them while they all stood clustered about the forge enjoying themselves so much, I thought what terrible good sauce for a dinner my fugitive friend in the marshes was. They had not enjoyed themselves a quarter so much before the entertainment was brightened with the excitement he furnished. And now, when they were all in lively expectation of those two villains being taken, and when the bellows seemed to roar for them, the fire to flare for them, the smoke to hurry out in pursuit of them, Joe to hammer and clink for them, and all the murky shadows on the wall to stare at them in menace as the blaze rose and sank, and the red-hot sparks dropped and died, the pale afternoon outside almost seemed, in my pitying young fancy, to have turned pale on their account, poor wretches!

At last, Joe's job was done, and the ringing and roaring stopped. As Joe got on his coat, he mustered courage to propose that some of us should go down with the soldiers and see what came of the hunt. Mr. Pumblechook and Mr. Hubble declined, on the plea of a pipe and ladies' society; but Mr. Wopsle said he would go if Joe would. Joe said he was agreeable, and he would take me, if Mrs. Joe approved. We never should have got leave to go, I am sure, but for Mrs. Joe's curiosity to know all about it and how it ended. As it was, she merely stipulated, "If you bring the boy back with his head blown off by a musket, don't say it was my doing."

The sergeant took a polite leave of the ladies, and parted from Mr. Pumblechook as from a comrade; though I doubted if he were quite as fully sensible of that gentleman's merits under arid conditions as when something to drink was going. His men resumed their muskets and fell in. Mr. Wopsle, Joe, and I, received strict charge to keep in the rear, and to speak no word after we reached the marshes. When we were all out in the raw air and steadily moving toward our business, I treasonably whispered to Joe, "I hope, Joe, we sha'n't find them;" and Joe whispered to me, "I'd give a shilling if they had cut and run, Pip."

We were joined by no stragglers from our village, for the weather was cold and threatening, the way dreary, the footing bad, dusk coming on, and the people had good fires in-doors and were keeping the day. A few faces hurried to glowing windows and looked after us, but none came out. We passed the finger-post, and held straight on to the church-yard. There we were stopped a few minutes by a signal from the sergeant's hand, while two or three of his men dispersed themselves among the graves, and examined the porch. They came in again without finding any thing, and then we struck out on the open marshes, through the gate at the side of the church-yard. A bitter sleet came rattling against us on the east wind, and Joe took me on his back.

Now that we were out upon the dismal wilderness, where they little thought I had been within eight or nine hours and had seen both men hiding, I considered, for the first time, with great dread, if we should come upon them, would my particular convict suppose that it was I who had brought the soldiers there? He had asked me if I was a deceiving imp, and he had said I should be a fierce young hound if I joined the hunt against him. Would he believe that I was both imp and hound in treacherous earnest, and had betrayed him?

It was of no use asking myself this question now. There I was, on Joe's back, and there was Joe beneath me, charging out the ditches in the nimblest manner, and stimulating Mr. Wopsle not to tumble on his Roman nose, and to keep up with us. The soldiers were in front of us, extended into a pretty wide line with an interval between man and man. We were taking the exact course I had begun with, and from which I had diverged in the mist. Either the mist was not out again yet, or the wind had moved it. Under the low red glare of sunset the beacon, and the gibbet, and the mound of the Battery, and the opposite shore of the river, were plain enough, though all of a watery lead color.

With my heart thumping like a small blacksmith at Joe's broad shoulder, I looked all about for any sign of the convicts. I could see none, I could hear none. Mr. Wopsle had greatly alarmed me more than once by his blowing and hard breathing; but I knew the sounds by this time, and could dissociate them from the object of pursuit. I got a dreadful start, and thought I heard the file still going; but it was only a sheep-bell. The sheep stopped in their eating and looked timidly at us; and the cattle, their heads turned from the wind and sleet, stared angrily, as if they held us responsible for both these annoyances: but, except these things, and the shudder of the whole dying day, there was no break in the uniform stillness of the marshes.

The soldiers were moving on in the direction of the old Battery, and we were moving on a little way behind them, when, all of a sudden, we all stopped. For there had reached us, on the wings of the wind and rain, a long shout. It was repeated. It was at a distance toward the east, but it was long and loud. Nay, there seemed to be two shouts raised together—if one might judge from a confusion in the sound.

To this effect the sergeant and the nearest men were speaking under their breath when Joe and I came up. After another moment's listening, Joe (who was a good judge) agreed, and Mr. Wopsle (who was a bad judge) also agreed. The sergeant, a quick, decisive man, ordered that the sound should not be answered, but that the course should be changed, and that his men should make toward it "at the double." So we slanted to the right (where the East was), and Joe pounded away so wonderfully that I had to hold on tight to keep my seat.

It was a run indeed now, and what Joe called, in the only two words he spoke all the time, "a buster." Down banks and up banks, and over gates, and splashing into dikes: no man cared where he went. As we came nearer to the shouting, it became more and more apparent that it was made by more than one voice. Sometimes it seemed to stop altogether, and then the soldiers stopped. When it broke out again the soldiers made for it at a greater rate than ever, and we after them. After a while we had so run it down that we could hear one voice calling "Murder!" and another voice, "Convicts! Runaways! Guard! guard! This way for the runaway convicts!" Then both voices would seem to be stifled in a struggle, and then would break out again. And when it had come to this the soldiers ran like deer, and Joe too.

The sergeant ran in first, when we had run the noise quite down, and two of his men ran in close upon him. Their pieces were cocked and leveled when we all ran in.

"Here are lots more!" panted the sergeant, struggling with something at the bottom of a ditch: "Surrender, you two! and confound you for two wild beasts! Come asunder!"

Water was splashing, and mud was splashing, and oaths were being sworn, and blows were being struck, when half a dozen more men went down into the ditch to help the sergeant, and dragged out, separately, my convict and the other one. Both were bleeding and panting and execrating and struggling; but of course I knew them both directly.

"Mind!" said my convict, wiping blood from his face, with his ragged sleeves, and shaking torn hair from his fingers; "*I* took him! *I* giv' him up to you! Mind that!"

"It's not much to be particular about," said the sergeant, coolly; "it'll do you small good, my man, being in the same plight yourself. Handcuffs there!"

"I don't expect it to do me any good. I don't want it to do me more good than it does now," said my convict, with a terrible laugh. "I took him. He knows it. That's enough for me."

The other convict was livid to look at, and, in addition to the old bruise on the left side of his face, seemed to be bruised and torn all over. He could not so much as get his breath to speak, until they were both separately handcuffed, but leaned upon a soldier to keep himself from falling.

"Take notice, guard, that he tried to murder me," were his first words.

"Tried to murder him?" said my convict, disdainfully. "Try, and not do it? I took him, and giv' him up; that's what I done. I not only prevented him getting off the marshes, but I dragged him here—dragged him this far on his way back. He's a gentleman, if you please, that villain. Now the Hulks has got its gentleman again, through me. Murder him? Worth my while, too, to murder him, when I could do worse and drag him back!"

The other one still gasped, "He tried—he tried—to—murder me. Bear—bear witness."

"Lookee here!" said my convict to the sergeant. "I got clear of the prison-ship; I made a dash, and I done it. I could ha' got clear of these death-cold flats likewise—look at my leg: you won't find much iron on it—if I hadn't made discovery that *he* was there. Let *him* go free? Let *him* profit by the means as I found out? Let *him* make use of me afresh and again? Once more? No, no, no. If I had died at the bottom there"—and he made an emphatic motion at the ditch with his manacled hands—"I'd have held to him with that grip that you should have been safe to find him in my hold."

The other fugitive, who was evidently in extreme fear of his companion, repeated, "He tried to murder me. I should have been a dead man if you had not come up."

"He lies!" said my convict, with fierce energy. "He always lies. He's a liar born, and he'll die a liar. Look at his face; ain't it written there? Let him turn them eyes of his on me. I defy him to do it."

The other, with an effort at a scornful smile—which could not, however, collect the nervous working of his mouth into any set expression—looked at the soldiers, and looked about at the marshes and at the sky, but certainly did not look at the speaker.

"Do you see him?" pursued my convict. "Do you see what a villain he is? Do you see them groveling and wandering eyes? That's how he looked when we were tried together. He never looked at me."

The other, always working and working his dry lips and turning his eyes restlessly about him

"THEN JOE BEGAN TO HAMMER AND CLINK, HAMMER AND CLINK."

far and near, did at last turn them for a moment on the speaker, with the words, "You are not much to look at," and with a half-taunting glance at the bound hands. At that point my convict became so frantically exasperated that he would have rushed upon him but for the interposition of the soldiers. "Didn't I tell you," said the other convict then, "that he would murder me if he could?" And any one could see that he shook, and that there broke out upon his lips curious white flakes, like thin snow.

"Enough of this parley," said the sergeant. "Light those torches."

As one of the soldiers, who carried a basket in lieu of a gun, went down on his knee to open it my convict looked round him for the first time and saw me. I had alighted from Joe's back on the brink of the ditch when we came up, and had not moved since. I looked at him eagerly when he looked at me, and moved my hands and shook my head. I had been waiting for him to see me, that I might try to assure him of my innocence. It was not at all expressed to me that he even comprehended my intention, for he gave me a look that I did not understand, and it all passed in a moment. But if he had looked at me for an hour or a day, I could not have remembered his face ever afterward as having been more attentive.

The soldier with the basket soon got a light, and lighted three or four torches, and took one himself and distributed the others. It had been almost dark before, but now it seemed quite dark, and soon afterward very dark. Before we departed from that spot four of the soldiers, standing in a ring, fired twice into the air. Presently we saw other torches lighted at some distance behind us, and others on the marshes on the opposite bank of the river. "All right," said the sergeant. "March!"

We had not gone far when three cannon were fired ahead of us with a sound that seemed to burst something inside my ear. "You are expected on board," said the sergeant to my convict; "they know you are coming. Don't straggle, my man. Close up here."

The two were kept apart, and each walked surrounded by a separate guard. I had hold of Joe's hand now, and Joe carried one of the torches. Mr. Wopsle had been for going back, but Joe was resolved to see it out, so we went on with the party. There was a reasonably good path now, mostly on the edge of the river, with a divergence here and there where a dike came, with a miniature wind-mill on it and a slimy sluice-gate. When I looked round I could see the other lights coming on after us. The torches we carried dropped great blotches of fire upon the track, and I could see these, too, smoking and flaring. I could see nothing else but black darkness. Our lights warmed the air about us with their pitchy blaze, and the two wretched men seemed to like that rather as they limped along in the midst of the muskets. We could not go fast because of their lameness, and they were so spent that two or three times we had to halt while they rested.

After an hour or so of this traveling we came to a rough wooden hut and a landing-place. There was a guard in the hut, and they challenged us, and the sergeant answered. Then we went into the hut, where there was a smell of tobacco and whitewash, and a bright fire, and a lamp, and a stand of muskets, and a drum, and a low wooden bedstead, like an immense mangle without the machinery, capable of holding about a dozen soldiers all at once. Three or four soldiers who lay upon it were not much interested in us, but just lifted their heads and took a stare, and then lay down again. The sergeant made some kind of report, and some entry in a book, and then the convict, whom I call the other convict, was drafted off with his guard to go on board first.

My convict never looked at me, except that once that I have mentioned. While we stood in the hut he stood before the fire looking at it, or putting up his miserable feet by turns upon the hob and looking at them as if he pitied them. Suddenly he turned to the sergeant, and remarked:

"I wish to say something respecting this escape. It may prevent some persons laying under suspicion alonger me."

"You can say what you like," returned the sergeant, standing looking at him with his arms folded; "but you have no call to say it here, you know. You'll have opportunity enough to say about it, and hear about it, before it's done with."

"I know that, but this is another pint, a separate pint. A man can't starve; at least *I* can't. I took some wittles up at the willage over yonder—where the church stands a'most out on the marshes."

"You mean stole?" said the sergeant.

"Ah! I'll tell you where from. From the blacksmith's."

"Halloa!" said the sergeant, staring at Joe.

"Halloa, Pip!" said Joe, staring at me.

"It was some broken wittles—that's what it was—and a dram of liquor, and a pie."

"Have you happened to miss such an article as a pie, blacksmith?" asked the sergeant confidentially.

"Mrs. Joe did, at the very moment when you came in. Don't you know, Pip?"

"Oh!" said my convict to Joe, in a moody manner, and without the least glance at me. "So you're the blacksmith, are you? Then I'm sorry to say I've eat your pie."

"God knows you're welcome to it—so far as it was ever mine," returned Joe, with a saving remembrance of Mrs. Joe. "We don't know what you have done; but we wouldn't have you starved to death for it, miserable fellow-creature, whatever it was.—Would us, Pip?"

The something that I had noticed before clicked in the man's throat again, and he turned his back. The boat had returned, and his guard were ready, so we followed him to the landing-place, made of rough stakes and stones, and saw him put into the boat, which was rowed by a crew of convicts like himself. No one appeared glad to see him, or sorry to see him, or spoke a word, except that somebody called as if to dogs, "Give way, you!" which was the signal for the dip of the oars. By the light of the torches we saw the black Hulk lying out a little way from the mud of the shore, like a wicked Noah's ark; cribbed, and barred, and anchored by massive rusty chains, the prison-ship was ironed like the prisoners. We saw the boat go alongside, and we saw him taken up the side and disappear. Then the ends of the torches were flung hissing into the water, and went out, as if it were all over with him.

ALONE.

A RESTLESS, sad, longing little heart was beating under a worn calico dress, in a little room in Fourth Street. Tears as warm and grief-swollen as any that gush from woman's eyes crept down the cheek a little way, paused, crept on a little farther, waited, trembled, and then swelling as the bosom swells with sighs, ran down the maiden's cheek, and fell upon the faded chintz. Through and through, and through again, slipped the nimble needle, shining with the never-ending attrition of muslin and linen and silk. The Argus-eyed thimble—nothing better than steel, though worn to the polish of silver—clicked against the needle, pressing it through the close fabric into the calloused finger-tip, fretted and notched and blackened by many another needle-point, during many a weary day and many a weary night.

A cooking-stove, one other chair, two beds, a few dishes on a shelf in the corner, a broom, a large stone pitcher, a bonnet and shawl, a few pieces of stove furniture, half a dozen plants in rough wooden boxes on the window-sill, four or five books on the one table—these comprised the furniture.

The room was elevated far above the noise and dust of the city street—above the usual flight of city pigeons even; in the fifth story; and the roof in sloping had cut off a corner of the ceiling. The little low windows—a pair of stunted ones—did the best they could with the sunlight, but were too much crowded by the falling roof to accomplish much.

Had you slipped noiselessly in—which you could not have done, in fact, for the sagging of the door and its heavy scraping upon the threshold—you would have been struck first by the bareness, and then by the singular neatness of the attic-room.

A little black-and-white kitten would have glanced up at you from a soft bed of cotton in its own corner, or skipped, frightened, upon the smaller bed of the two; and the still figure in the window would have presented only a bowed head, but busy fingers, and a worn and faded print.

But if your tread had been heard upon the stairs, and mistaken for that of an old man, just before you reached the threshold, you would have heard a springing step upon the attic-floor, the door would have scraped open with a good-natured growl, a pair of black eyes would have shone out at you from a face wreathed in smiles, and possibly, in the shadow and haste, you might have got a pair of arms about your neck. At any rate, you would have followed a tall, lithe figure into the room, and on taking your seat would have found yourself *vis-à-vis* with as expressive and proud a face as ever shone from voluptuous plush, airy laces, rustling silk, and sparkling diamonds.

Indeed, while the tear-drops were falling under the pressure of thoughts which the heart could not possibly hide under its lifting lid, a step *was* heard upon the stairs, the staircase did creak, like the stage-driver's horn, with the news of a coming, the door did open, and a pair of arms were flung passionately about the neck of a white-haired old man.

Jennie had been crying of thoughts aroused by a brief walk in a populous street that afternoon.

She avoided these better thoroughfares when she could, hurrying along where the streets are narrow and dingy—where the glistening of silk and the tremble of plumes is seldom seen—where bright eyes and fair faces radiate only from faded and worn surroundings. But this afternoon her errand to the store had taken her through one of the comely streets. Indeed, it stood itself on the very corner of Main Street, around which human tides swept, eddying, every hour. She had seen poverty, comfort, and wealth—plainness, comeliness, beauty—stupidity, sense, intellect.

Sitting at her low window in the dull, unseemly room, worn, tired, discouraged with the labors and forebodings of life, Jennie's thoughts could do no less than bring tears. She was thinking of the happiness which floated about her in the crowded street; of the laughing eyes; of the haughty tread; of faces brimming with careless merriment and conscious beauty. She had seen hundreds in that one street—hundreds of maidens to whom she was consciously superior. And this was not egotism in the weeping girl. Does the doe imagine itself a snail, or the eagle fancy itself a blue jay? Was it wrong that all this beauty, all this innate refinement, all this spirit and taste and mentality, should pine and sorrow for want of that appreciation for which we all long and strive? And if Jennie wept that her scant and faded calico had drawn forth sneers, as though it were herself and not the accident of covering; and if she wept that simple-minded and narrow-thoughted girls carried themselves proudly, and won attention, while she slipped meanly into by-ways, and shrunk from the observation which was only cold and contemptuous, can we blame her? She was a woman, with a woman's beauty and a woman's power. But alas! Jennie was caged by circumstances, her jewels covered with the dust of labor, her young life hidden, and dull, and sad.

Besides, an incident at the store had wounded her severely, and reawakened her consciousness of weakness and semi-degradation. It was this: She had taken a bundle of work to the inspecting clerk, and thence had been directed to the cashier with a ticket for her pay. On former occasions she had suffered from curious and wicked glances while passing the clerks of several departments, as well as from a peculiar tone in which the cashier addressed her. To-day she was either more painfully sensitive or the glances of admiration were more disgustingly prominent; and the cashier, after fumbling as long as possible, handed her the silver she had earned with a careless but insulting remark. Jennie flashed with indignation, threw the money upon the counter, and curling her lip with scorn left the desk. A hand touched her arm, and a kind voice said, "Wait a moment, Miss Dell," in so assured and commanding a way that she involuntarily paused. The gentleman stepped up to the cashier, struck him a smart blow on the side of his face with the palm of his hand, tipping him over, took the vacated stool at the desk, and by the time the fellow had picked himself up, had balanced his account, was ready for him with the residue of his wages. Then leading the fellow to the door by the arm, he kicked him into the street. All this was done so coolly, with so much ease and gentlemanly decision, that Jennie could take no exception to even the last act of the drama.

"My store will be safe to you in future, Miss Dell, but I will not put you to the inconvenience of bringing your work. I will send a boy for it," and directing a lad to take the lady's bundle, Mr. Brewer bowed Jennie out of the store before she had time to cry or do any thing more than thank him with a glance, which, breaking from her late indignation, was a curious intermingling of pride and gratitude.

The incident had recalled for the hundredth time a terrible consciousness of her unprotected situation, and she felt more keenly than ever the utter helplessness of poverty. Sometimes the blood of a proud ancestry dashed to her cheeks and throbbed at her temples; but the next instant woman tears chased each other down her cheeks.

"I am so glad you have come, father. I have been so very lonely, and then I was fearful something had happened."

The old man bent a little to kiss the eyes of his daughter—kissing her eyes was the emphasis of his affection—and his lips were moistened by a tear which Jennie had unwittingly left there in the haste of brushing them away to meet his coming step.

"What is this, daughter? Crying, my child? You are not sick, dear? Why, I thought my brave girl never cried, however dark the day might be;" and, with a hand on each shoulder, the white-haired man held the bright-faced daughter at arm's-length before him, gazing loving inquiries into her eyes.

Not a trace of sadness was in the beaming face of the daughter now; so, after meeting his gaze laughingly a moment, Jennie slipped to his side, leaned close to his shoulder, clasping his arm in her hands, and said,

"Oh, nothing of any moment, father. We women have little foolish thoughts and troubles of our own when we are left alone all day. But when father comes back again Jennie is happy enough, isn't she?" and the girl looked into his face with so much of beauty, and smile, and joy, that the old man forgot the dew-drop which had dried on his lips, and went to wondering what made his daughter so happy, alone and hard at work in that sober room all day.

The father forgot the sadness sooner for a jewel of good tidings which he was holding tight in his heart, longing to give it his daughter, but wondering what was the most perfect way to show it. Whether to raise the lid with a spring and permit the Koh-i-nor to flash with its diamond lightning full in her face at once, or to lift the lid gently so that the loved one's eyes might catch its brilliance, ray by ray, and beam by beam. While the daughter was making the tea-kettle cover dance, and then pouring sputtering water into the little black teapot, in the bottom of which very few but very nice little leaves lay curled in fragrant exclusiveness and concentration, the glad father thought the matter over. While the torpid little leaves warmed into inevitable expansion by the heated flood, the glad father continued to think it over.

"You look tired, father; have you worked hard to-day?"

"Not very, daughter."

"Why you are pale, father; you are sick, I know."

It was well that the girl dropped the plate from her hand, though it went down with a crackle into fragments, for the old man was reeling out of his chair. She was just in time to save him. Without a word, the daughter held him a moment, till she could glance into his face, and then with a strength which she could always command when roused, bore him to the nearest bed and laid him there.

"Father! father!"

Not a word nor a sign of consciousness. Jennie bathed his temples with water, rubbed his arms, his hands, his chest, called on him, kissed him, and wept. His lips move.

"What is it, father?" and the daughter's ear is close by the trembling lips.

"I have heard"—faintly—"from—Robert"—fainter. "Robert is—he is"—the voice is too faint to be heard—the lips cease to move—the old man is dead. No cries of "Father, dear father!" no chafings of hands, no bathings of that calm, snow-fringed brow will bring back the soul now freed at last from its cheerless imprisonment of eighty years.

Straighten the stiffening limbs, lone daughter; close tighter the eyelids: he is gone. And the secret hidden in that unfinished sentence—it, too, is gone, and vainly will you try to fathom its import. The blow was a terrible one. Not alone that this was her father, but the best, the noblest, the dearest of fathers. Not alone that this was her stay and companion, but her only support and her only friend. Now she was alone. Alone.

When all hope of restoration was gone Jennie stood erect a little way from the bed, her head buried in her hands, and let the tide of loss and loneness sweep over her. In that instant of time she drank the full cup and tasted each and every bitter ingredient. This made her calm. Another nature might have sunk; she was lifted, strengthened. All the energies of her heart came into active life; and now, tearful or quiet, busy or still, she was the same strong, self-conscious woman she had ever been. She was even stronger and more calm.

A quick step upon the stairs and a careless rap at the door. It was the bright-faced lad with a bundle.

"Mr. Brewer says as how this is nicer work, and you may send back the other bundle," said the little fellow, boy-like, as he came abruptly into the room, his face beaming with pleasure and exercise. "Oh, Miss Dell!" and the boy fell into awe-stricken quiet as he felt the presence of death.

The second day before the burial, when, with the aid of an old woman below, the body had been carefully prepared, a different step was heard upon the staircase, and a careful knock at the door. Mr. Brewer entered without a word, gave his hand, and sat down. Then gently alluding to her loss, asking to look on the features of her father, noticing her plants in the window, he led the conversation into appropriate channels, and, without a single profession, made Jennie to feel that here was a true and appreciative friend.

Gradually the talk receded from the sad topics of the chamber of death to more general subjects—to such thoughts as we find written in books, and such conclusions as we reach in long meditations and careful analyzings. In this, her visitor was struck with the clearness and stretch of thought of the humble girl at his side. And she found herself roused and quickened by the outdrawing influence of a superior but congenial mind.

Thence the conversation was brought gently to personal affairs, where, at length, a point was gained at which Mr. Brewer ventured to ask:

"Have you no other friends but this?"

"None in all the world, except, perhaps, a brother."

Mr. Brewer could scarcely ask a further question. Breaking the silence, Jennie said:

"My younger brother, Robert, left us three years ago—he was only fifteen then—in the rush to California; thinking that, though only a boy, he might bring back gold enough to make his father comfortable for life. We heard of his arrival and a promising beginning, but nothing since. Two years ago we came to live at this end of the city, and possibly at that time he changed his location. At any rate his letters have never reached us, nor have ours reached him. The other day, when father came home, he had received tidings from him, for he said so just as he was dying; but the news itself died on his lips, and I have no clew whatever to its nature. Brother Robert was a noble boy, Sir—the bravest and best boy I ever knew."

Just here the tears would come, and a long silence followed.

Mr. Brewer had brought a purse with a little gold in it, thinking to slip it into the hand of the girl whose trials had so touched his sympathy; but when he rose to go the act seemed impossible; he did not dare to do it: he could only ask, with the deepest respect,

"Can I be of any service to you?"

"I thank you very much for your call, Mr. Brewer—very much. There is only one thing you can do for me—employ me, if my work pleases you."

No need to follow the plain board coffin—rough casket for such a father—to its place among the silent poor in the great city cemetery. If the faded shawl clung close to the poor girl's form, chilled by the autumn wind, dropping tears upon the turf alone by the poor man's grave, under it beat as warm a daughter's heart, and lived as rich a woman's nature, as ever moved gay and proud in choicer and happier scenes.

Jennie could not and would not leave the dear old room, hallowed now by the memory of a sainted father. She lived there alone. There was no objection to it now, for only a young and elastic tread waked the creakings in the long flight of old stairs.

The bright-faced boy came and went every day with a bundle. The work was very nice, and the pay was so much better as to give a new chintz of a deep brown with a tiny white figure. Mr. Brewer came occasionally. He slid quietly into the place of a friend, brought books for Jennie to read, and then discussed their contents with her.

There were many points upon which they agreed, and many upon which they differed. Both liked very well to differ; for Jennie found pleasure in arousing his deep, earnest strength of expression, and he was never weary of awakening that flash of her large brown eyes and easy dignity of talk which severed her from all other of his friends.

Mr. Brewer's calls were not frequent, but they never failed during the many months in which she sat and sewed in the humble attic-room.

Alas for the struggling, tossed, brave, and weary girl! These visits, so comforting at first, were coming to be a source of pain—in fact, and especially in prospect.

He came and went as a kind, disinterested friend, always considerate and appreciative, but always self-poised. Knowing and trusting him as a true friend, she yet knew nothing of the man but what she saw in her own home. He never talked of himself. The lad who came and went with bundles had once or twice spoken of "father" in a manner which convinced her that Mr. Brewer was a husband, and this his son. That was all; but it was decisive. And yet, though settled on this from the first, as time wore on the companionship and sympathy of her one visitor grew into a need, and then a necessity. No reasonings, no willful checkings, no self-condemnation even, could stay the

growth of that giant presence by which at last she was covered and overpowered. In vain Jennie flashed indignation on herself that she should love the loved of another woman heart—a husband and father. In vain she wept, and struggled, and prayed. The chains grew tighter and tighter, holding her to a misery to which all the sadnesses of her life bore no comparison.

The afternoon sun of a September Sabbath wrapped in a cheery light the dark, sea-washed hull of an ocean steamer coming up the bay to the crowded pier.

At the same moment Jennie's friend turned down a dull, dark street, entered a door-way, and ascended creaking stairs. It was one of the pleasures of Jennie's room that, far away over the brick houses, with their smoked and smoking chimneys, lay the always changing picture of the bay. To-day, after a long discussion of the beauties and blemishes, first of "The Old Curiosity Shop," and then of De Quincey's "Confessions," with other and minor talk, Jennie touched upon the scenery of the bay, with its white-winged butterflies and the black beetle that, an hour or two before, had been crawling up the harbor.

"I always think," she said, "when I look out upon the harbor, that perhaps some day it will bring my brave brother home to me; and then I shall not be alone, nor unhappy, nor tired any more. Oh! if I could only know whether he is living or dead—whether I shall ever have him again!"

The tears would come, and her eyes were all glistening as she looked into the face of her friend.

Mr. Brewer seemed absent, yet present; tender, yet ill at ease. The thought darted into her mind, "Perhaps he knows more of my brother than I"—it was so new a thing to see him perturbed.

"Have I ever told you any thing of myself?" he asked, at length.

"Never."

Upon this he moved a chair close beside her, but so as not to meet her glance, and told the story of his life down to the present hour. It was told concisely; but all the prominent facts were there. Then changing his place, taking her cold hand, and looking into her eyes, he brought tears to them again, and blushes to her face, by the question,

"Will you trust me and love me?"

Jennie whispered—she couldn't find her voice—"Will I? I always have."

When they had both found words for other sentences, and Jennie had been talking, Mr. Brewer exclaimed,

"Married! I never even loved before."

A slow step was heard on the staircase, a gentle rap at the door, and a pale young man entered.

"Jennie!"

"Robert!"

And the maiden had another joy added to the sweetest bliss of life.

But Robert had come home to die—to die as the day dies, slowly receding to the other side of life.

He had brought the gold which he had spent his young life in earning for the two at home. One had no need of gold now; the other had no wish for it, but the dust was hers; and when the weeks had gone in which they had sweetened his receding with the breath of love, leaving him at last where flowers grown upon living stalks, and chains and clusters cut in snowy marble, made his last home beautiful, it flowed from her own and her husband's hands in channels which gladdened many a poor girl's life, and made the sister and her other noble self happier for the joy of thus making his lost life bloom again in many a relighted eye and rekindled cheek.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL BLACK ON SECESSION.

THE *Herald* says: "In the opinion of the Attorney-General, called for by President Buchanan, on the questions of law arising out of apprehended difficulties between the North and South, Judge Black not only discusses the important question of the constitutional right of a State to secede, but several other questions which are involved, such as the collection of revenue, and whether ports of entry can be changed or removed to other points; and in the event of the resignation of the Federal officers—the Collectors, Judges, Marshals, District Attorneys, etc.—and if no one in the State or States could be found willing to accept the positions, what policy should be adopted, or whether the Constitution makes any provision in such an emergency. In fact, all the questions which may arise, in all their various aspects, are understood to be touched upon. He holds, it is said, in the first instance, that a State has not the constitutional right to secede. If such is the opinion of the law officer of the Government, it will have great weight and influence with the people of the South."

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Governor Gist's Message was sent to the Legislature at Columbia on 27th. The Message, among other matters of State policy, says there can be no difference of opinion on the importance of establishing direct trade between Charleston and Liverpool. It was important to divert part of the commerce of the world from New York and other cities to Charleston, and thus build up a commercial emporium and supply merchants of neighboring States. In view of the secession of South Carolina from the Union it becomes doubly important. The Government recommends the State to assume a share of the risk in establishing direct trade, and especially in the item of direct steam communication with Liverpool. He recommends the adoption of postal arrangements to supersede the United States mails; also the enactment of laws for the summary punishment of abolitionists tampering with slaves. He also recommends fostering the Charleston Marine School as a nucleus for a navy; also the establishment of a Southern armory by the united efforts of four or five cotton States. The Governor then takes up the subject of federal relations, and says it is too late now to receive propositions for conference, and the State would be wanting in self-respect, after having deliberately decided on her course, to entertain any proposition looking to a continuance in the present Union. We can get no better or safer guarantee than the present Constitution, and that has proved impotent to protect us against the fanaticism of the North. The institution of slavery must be under the exclusive control of those directly interested in its preservation, and not left to the mercy of those who believe it to be their duty to destroy it. He then speaks against the right of coercion, and concludes thus: "It follows, from the views presented, that the Federal Government can not rightfully use force to prevent or force her back, nor rightfully use force to prevent a State from seceding, or force her back into the Union; but, in the language of the late Judge Harper, men having arms in their hands may use them; and I can not too earnestly urge upon you the importance of arming the State at the earliest practicable period, and thus be prepared for the worst. It is gratifying to know that, if we must resort to arms in defense of our rights, and a blow should be struck at South Carolina before the other States move up in line, we have the tender of volunteers from all the Southern and some of the Northern States to repair promptly to our standard and share our fortunes. We can not penetrate the dark future; it may be filled with ashes, tears, and blood; but let us go forward in the discharge of our duty, with an unwavering trust in God, and a consciousness that any thing is preferable to dishonor and degradation."

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S REPORT.

The Attorney-General's report has some interesting details on the system of the land tax. He says over 10,000,000 of acres have been returned, valued at twenty cents per acre, agreeably to the law of 1815, when several of these millions were worth immensely more; he advises an alteration of the law to increase the revenue; he objects to the system of banking of the State, but considers the institutions as solvent as Northern banks; he advises, incidentally, a granite capitol, at Columbia, as the capital of the Southern Confederacy. The public debt, in stocks and bonds, is $4,406,000; aggregate receipt of taxes near $600,000; average tax on lands, a fraction less than five cents per acre.

APPROACH OF SECESSION.

A dispatch to the *Herald* from Charleston says: "It is now considered certain here that the ordinance of secession will be passed either on the 17th or 18th of December. Mr. Hammond has written a letter to the Georgia secession meeting, saying South Carolina will be out of the Union, high, dry, and forever, by December 18th at farthest. Our representatives are leaving for Washington. W. Porcher Miles goes to-morrow. Ordnance and ammunition have lately been landed from schooners at Fort Moultrie. Some of the army officers say that now Moultrie is almost impregnable. The disposition of the people is decidedly to resist the landing of more troops there.

THE LEGISLATURE OF GEORGIA.

The House, on 24th, resolved to elect Electors next Thursday. A motion was made to elect a Senator the same day, which was lost. The Bank Bill repeals the law forbidding banks from sending their notes out of the State for the purpose of discounting drafts; it repeals the restrictions against selling but sight checks, and in view of the monetary troubles and secession, suspends the operation of the acts inflicting the pain of forfeitures for not paying specie; prohibits levying *fi. fas.* in favor or against suspended banks during suspension, provided, in either case, satisfactory security is given. The bill passed, was vetoed by the Governor, and was passed over his head. The Legislature has chosen 173 Breckinridge, 54 Bell, and 8 Douglas electors.

THE MISSISSIPPI LEGISLATURE.

The Legislature organized at Jackson on 26th ult. The Governor's Message was delivered. Its tone was uncompromising. The members are unanimous for secession.

UNION SENTIMENT IN MARYLAND.

Governor Hicks, of Maryland, has replied to a petition for a special session of the Legislature, declining to convene it. He is unwilling to place Maryland in a position of appearing to join in any treasonable designs against the Union, while he is ready to go as far as any man in demanding the rights of the South in the Union.

An association calling themselves the "Southern Volunteers" displayed the Palmetto flag from their place of meeting at Baltimore on 24th. A large crowd was attracted by the novelty of the thing, and the flag was greeted with groans and hisses from the crowds, and with plaudits from the Volunteers. Captain Jones, of the bark *Isabel*, also displayed the Palmetto flag from the mast-head of his vessel, when all the ships in the vicinity immediately ran up the stars and stripes.

UNION MEETING AT LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

A citizens' meeting, composed of all parties, was held at Louisville on 27th, which passed the minority resolutions, deploring the election of a President upon sectional issues; declaring that Kentucky has a common interest with all the slaveholding States; that she don't despair of justice within the Union, as both Houses of Congress would be opposed to the Executive; that Kentucky will insist upon the repeal of the Northern statutes nullifying the Fugitive Slave Law; appealing to the Southern States not to desert the common cause of the South within the Union; and resolving that Kentucky will stand by the Union till aggressions on her constitutional rights become more intolerable than revolution.

ATTITUDE OF SENATOR MASON.

A letter in the *Herald* says: "Senator James M. Mason, of Virginia, whose fidelity to Virginia and the South no one can dispute, in a recent speech, referring to the contingency of Lincoln's election, declared that 'he should take his seat as a Senator to support and defend the Constitution, the rights and integrity of the State, and when they could be no longer maintained, he should render back to her the high trust reposed in him by Virginia, trusting to her wisdom and patriotism in that exigency to do the best.'"

MORE BANK SUSPENSIONS.

The Manufacturers' Bank of Macon, Georgia, suspended on 26th. Other Georgia banks are expected to suspend shortly. On 28th one half of the Charleston banks, and on 29th the remainder agreed to suspend specie payments. The banks of Tennessee, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, and North Carolina have suspended.

RUPTURE OF RELATIONS WITH PERU.

The Government on 26th received a dispatch from Minister Clay, stating that he had, pursuant to instructions, demanded his passport, and was on his way home. Shortly after this information came to the Executive, the Peruvian Minister to the United States was promptly furnished with his passport, and thus all diplomatic intercourse between the two countries is terminated. The amount of unadjusted claims against Peru on account of the seizure and confiscation of the vessels *Georgiana* and *Lizzie Thompson* is $150,000. Mr. Clay has been our Minister to Peru for nearly fourteen years.

STEERAGE PASSENGERS SENT BACK FROM THE SOUTH.

The steamship *Alabama*, which arrived from Savannah, Georgia, last week, brought back thirty-four steerage passengers, who, it is said, were not permitted to land—the same course being pursued in that city as in Charleston—all steerage passengers being returned. If these reports are correct, the number of persons sent back from Charleston is 126, and from Savannah, 92.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION IN VIRGINIA.

A computation of the election returns in Virginia, which are all official, save those of the counties of Webster and Wyoming, shows that Bell has carried nine electoral votes and Breckinridge six. The returns from the counties not officially heard from can not alter this result. It would require an addition of over two hundred votes to any one of the remaining six Bell electors to diminish, even by one, Breckinridge's electoral vote. This is a strange result.

MR. LINCOLN AT CHICAGO.

The Chicago *Tribune* relates some incidents of Mr. Lincoln's visit to that city. It says:

"Mr. Lincoln returns to Springfield, and Mr. Hamlin goes immediately East from this city. Several interesting incidents are related of the reception. Mr. Lincoln being a very tall man, generally had to stoop some to reach the level of those who came to congratulate him, and saluting all, as he did, with both hands, the labor performed by the President-elect much resembled the traditionary 'man-a-mowing.' At least, it was severe. In the crowd were several short persons. It was refreshing to observe the pleasure experienced by Mr. Lincoln when he took a man by the hand somewhere nigh his own stature. One of these persons came after a long row of undersized ones. Mr. Lincoln raised his hands in well-affected astonishment, and exclaimed, 'You are up, *some!*' This was accompanied by a *look* that created much merriment. *That* tall man, for once in his life, was duly appreciated.

"In the crowd was a little boy, some four years of age, and his mother. The child was boiling over with enthusiasm, his cheeks glowed with pride, and he could not contain his feelings, so he cried out, 'Hurray for Uncle Abe!' Mr. Lincoln heard it, and the youthful Republican was treated to a 'tossing up' toward the ceiling, which tickled him and the visitors hugely, and will be remembered through life by the boy."

PERSONAL.

Mr. Lincoln has returned home. On 27th he occupied himself principally with reading several hundred letters, accumulated during his absence. Mr. Lincoln is in possession of reliable private information from Kansas, showing the published accounts of the Montgomery affair to be greatly exaggerated, and no attack on the border Slave States intended.

The Washington *Star* says there is no reason to doubt the statement about the resignation of Judge Taney, and that Judge Black will be nominated as his successor.

It is deemed probable that Mr. Yancey will be appointed by the Alabama Legislature the Commissioner to attend the South Carolina Convention.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THE Prince of Wales' fleet has arrived. The details of the return voyage show that the fleet experienced head-winds and bad weather during the entire passage. The vessels were within a day's sail of England on the 6th, when a heavy gale prevented any further progress. They had only another week's provisions on board, and the Royal party, for the last few days, lived on salt and preserved provisions. The party, however, landed all well, and the Prince reached Windsor Castle on the evening of the 15th.

THE FEELING OF THE BRITISH ON HIS RECEPTION HERE.

At a public banquet in London, Lord Palmerston thus alluded to the reception of the Prince of Wales in America:

"You have alluded to an event which has awakened the deepest interest in the mind of every Englishman—I mean the visit of the Prince of Wales to the North American Continent. It was to be expected that when the future hope of England visited the subjects of Her Majesty in our North American Provinces he would be received with that enthusiastic affection which becomes a loyal and attached people. Our anticipations have not been disappointed. The reception of the Prince has been worthy of the people who gave it, and honorable to the family of which he is so distinguished a member; and we may hope that that visit will cement more closely those ties which, I trust, are long destined to bind together that portion of the Queen's dominions and the mother country. [Hear, hear.] But we had not an equal right to expect that when his Royal Highness visited the United States he would be received with any thing more than the courtesy which civilized nations accord to distinguished members of the reigning family of another country. But I must say it has been most gratifying to witness the cordiality, the heartfelt kindness, the generous hospitality, and, I may say, the enthusiastic delight with which that illustrious Prince was welcomed by our cousins in the United States. [Cheers.] They have shown themselves, indeed, to be a noble and generous people—they have shown that they have not forgotten the common stock from which they and we have sprung; and, in spite of events which, if not buried in oblivion, might have produced some slight alienation between us, they received our future Sovereign—and I trust that future may be long distant—they received the eldest son of our gracious Sovereign, not as if he were a stranger belonging to another land, but as if he had been born in their own country, and had been a citizen of their own Republic. [Cheers.] I trust, gentlemen, that the remembrance of the generous kindness thus exhibited by the people of the United States will ever be cherished by the people of these kingdoms. I believe the memory of the Prince's visit will long survive in the breasts of the American nation, and that these mutual recollections will tend more closely than ever to knit together those two great branches of the same noble and I will say illustrious stock." [Cheers.]

MR. DALLAS AT COURT.

A dispatch, dated London, November 18, says: "The United States Minister, Mr. Dallas, Lord Palmerston, and Lord and Lady John Russell, are on a visit to her Majesty at Windsor. The *Observer* remarks that the invitation of the American Minister to Windsor so soon after the arrival of the Prince of Wales, in company with the heads of the Government, is a proof and a grateful acknowledgment of the hospitality of the President, and the attention and enthusiasm upon the head of the British throne exhibited by all ranks and classes of the people of the United States."

COMMENCEMENT OF THE COMMERCIAL PANIC IN ENGLAND.

The minimum rate of discount was raised by the Bank of England, on the 15th inst., to 6 per cent., although no gold was withdrawn that day, and none has been since. This movement was telegraphed to the Bank of France, and the contemplated additional withdrawal of more gold from the Bank of England by that Bank was suspended. Australian gold, to the value of £575,000, arrived on the 16th inst., which was immediately bought for the Bank of France, and this temporarily prevented any further withdrawal from the Bank of England.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE IN ENGLAND.

We read in the London *Times*: "Her Majesty the Empress of the French, traveling in the strictest *incognito* as part of the family of the Marquis la Grange, crossed the channel on Wednesday in the ordinary packet *Alliance*, and proceeded to London the same evening. From London Bridge station she and her suite went in common street cabs to Calridge's Hotel in Brook Street; and it was not until they had been there for some time in the hotel that her Majesty's rank was known.

"The Empress went out on foot early yesterday morning, and made several purchases in the neighborhood of the hotel. In the afternoon she and her suite engaged some carriages from a neighboring livery stable, and visited the Crystal Palace.

"It is understood that her Imperial Majesty visits Scotland, in the hope of restoring her impaired health, and that it was originally her intention to proceed directly by sea to Leith. The risk of bad weather at this advanced period of the season decided her Majesty's advisers to select the shortest route, and she will probably set out to-morrow by railway for Hamilton Palace.

"The Duke and Duchess of Hamilton intend to give a grand ball at Hamilton Palace on the 20th inst., in honor of their illustrious visitor.

"A letter says that, on leaving the Empress at the railway station, the Emperor went to the Tuileries, where he presided at a Council of his Ministers, at the termination of which he left for Compeigne, where his Majesty will remain for a few days. The ladies and gentlemen forming the Court will be the only *invites* during the stay there."

FRANCE.

COMMERCIAL TREATY WITH ENGLAND.

The commercial treaty of France and England was completed at Paris on the 16th and received final signatures. Mr. Cobden was said to be completely prostrated by his labors.

ITALY.

DEPARTURE OF GARIBALDI.

We read in the correspondence of the London *Chronicle*, dated Naples, November 9: "Garibaldi is gone. Last night it was asserted that his departure had been indefinitely adjourned. A sudden resolution, however, was come to, and early this morning he sailed in the *Washington* for Caprera. Nobody except his immediate friends, and not all of them, was aware of his final resolve, and, in consequence, he slipped away at break of day, unattended, and almost unknown. To the last he refused every thing from the King, and drew nothing from the Exchequer but his general officer's pay of five francs a day; so that the story goes, he actually borrowed a few pounds from personal friends in Naples to pay the small debts he had incurred here while Dictator."

HIS FAREWELL ADDRESS.

"NAPLES, *November* 8, 1860.

"TO MY COMPANIONS IN ARMS: We must now consider the period which is just finishing at the last stage but one in our national resurrection, and prepare ourselves to finish worthily the marvelous design of the elect of twenty generations, the completion of which Providence has reserved for this fortunate age of yours. Yes, young men, Italy owes to you an undertaking which has been marked by the applause of the universe. To this wonderful account in your country's history another more glorious still will be added, and the slave shall show at last to his free brethren a sharpened sword forged from the links of his fetters. To arms, then, all of you, and the oppressors and the mighty will disappear like the dust.

"You, too, women, cast away all cowards from your arms, that will only give you cowards for children, and you who are the daughters of the land of duty must have children who are noble and brave. Let timid doctrines be cast out from among us. Providence has presented Italy with Victor Emanuel, and by the side of Victor Emanuel every quarrel should be forgotten.

"Once more I repeat my battle cry—'To arms, all of you!' If March, 1861, does not find a million of Italians in arms, then alas for liberty! alas for Italy! Let the March of 1861, or, if necessary, of February, find us all at our posts.

"Italians of Calatafina, Palermo, Volturno, Ancona, Castelfidardo, and Iserni, every man of this land, who is not a coward or a slave, is on our side. All of us, all of us, I say, standing round the glorious hero of Palestro, will strike the last blow at the crumbling edifice of tyranny.

"Receive, volunteers, the honored conquerors of battles, one word of farewell from me to-day. I am obliged to retire; but it is for a few days only. The hour of battle will find me with you again. Let those only return to their homes who are called by the imperative duties of their families, and those who by their wounds have deserved the gratitude of their country. Those will serve Italy in their homes by their counsels and the very aspect of their noble wounds. Apart from these, let all others remain to guard our glorious banners.

"We shall meet ere long again to march together for the redemption of our brethren who are still the slaves of the stranger.

"We shall meet again ere long, and march together to new triumphs."

HIS POVERTY.

A letter from Capua, of November 5, in the *Presse*, says: "King Victor Emanuel is coming, and Garibaldi is going. Such, at least, is the general expectation. Garibaldi having told his secretary and two aides-de-camp to hold themselves in readiness to depart, they felt it indispensable to remind him that he was absolutely without money, and that he must think how to procure a few hundred francs for his voyage. The fact is that the man who has given to Piedmont eight millions of subjects has never taken a sou of pay or salary for himself. Unless he withdraws his resignation of the rank of General in the Piedmontese army—and it is not thought that he will—Garibaldi will have nothing to live upon but his little farm at Caprera, which has hitherto never produced more than 1500 francs (£60) a year. Such is the real position of the man who has conquered the Neapolitan Bourbons, and added one of the most splendid jewels which adorn Victor Emanuel's crown."

THE LATEST FROM THE BELLIGERENTS.

At latest dates there was a report that a conspiracy had been discovered at Gaeta against Francis II. Two officers and two men were shot. After a combat on the 12th, the Bourbon troops re-entered Gaeta, and the Sardinians took up fresh positions around the town. The garrison of Gaeta consisted of eighteen battalions, but a dispatch announces two merchant steamers, carrying the French colors, had left Gaeta with troops, supposed for Civita Vecchia. The Lazaroni at Naples indulged in a demonstration in favor of Garibaldi and the Dictatorship, and were dispersed by the troops. Victor Emanuel had prohibited the destruction of Fort Stalius.

BANKRUPTCY OF THE POPE.

The following letter has been addressed to Cardinal Wiseman by his Eminence Cardinal Antonelli, the Secretary of State to his Holiness Pope Pius IX., recommending the systematic collection of St. Peter's pence throughout every diocese in England, to replenish the resources of the Papal treasury at Rome:

"ROME, *Oct.* 6, 1860.

"MY LORD CARDINAL,—The resources of the public treasury, which had already been diminished by the progress of the revolution, have now become of no account, as it has approached the very walls of Rome, and has thus taken away from the Holy Father every means of meeting the heavy requirements of his army, of his faithful subjects, and of all those who have resigned their public employments, and have embraced exile in order to find in Rome a refuge from the arts and seductions which would tempt them from the fidelity they have sworn to their lawful sovereign. Under these circumstances, our most Holy Father, who will never consent to accept any offering of sums of money that any government might make with compacts and conditions would, on the other hand, see with pleasure the faithful of the Catholic world come to his assistance with their penny. Having made known to your Eminence this desire of the Holy Father, I regard as needless any argument that I might urge that it might have a speedy and full effect. The co-operation of the episcopate will powerfully assist in its execution. I therefore beg you to take the trouble to write on the subject to your colleagues in the pastoral office in England, to beg of them to adopt the fittest means that the faithful who are intrusted to them may concur in for assisting their common father in the heavy anxieties which he suffers from the wickedness of his enemies, and of those even who profess themselves to be his devoted children. I avail myself of this opportunity, while I kiss your Eminence's hands, again to profess myself, with profound respect, your Eminence's truly obedient and devoted servant,

"G. C. ANTONELLI.

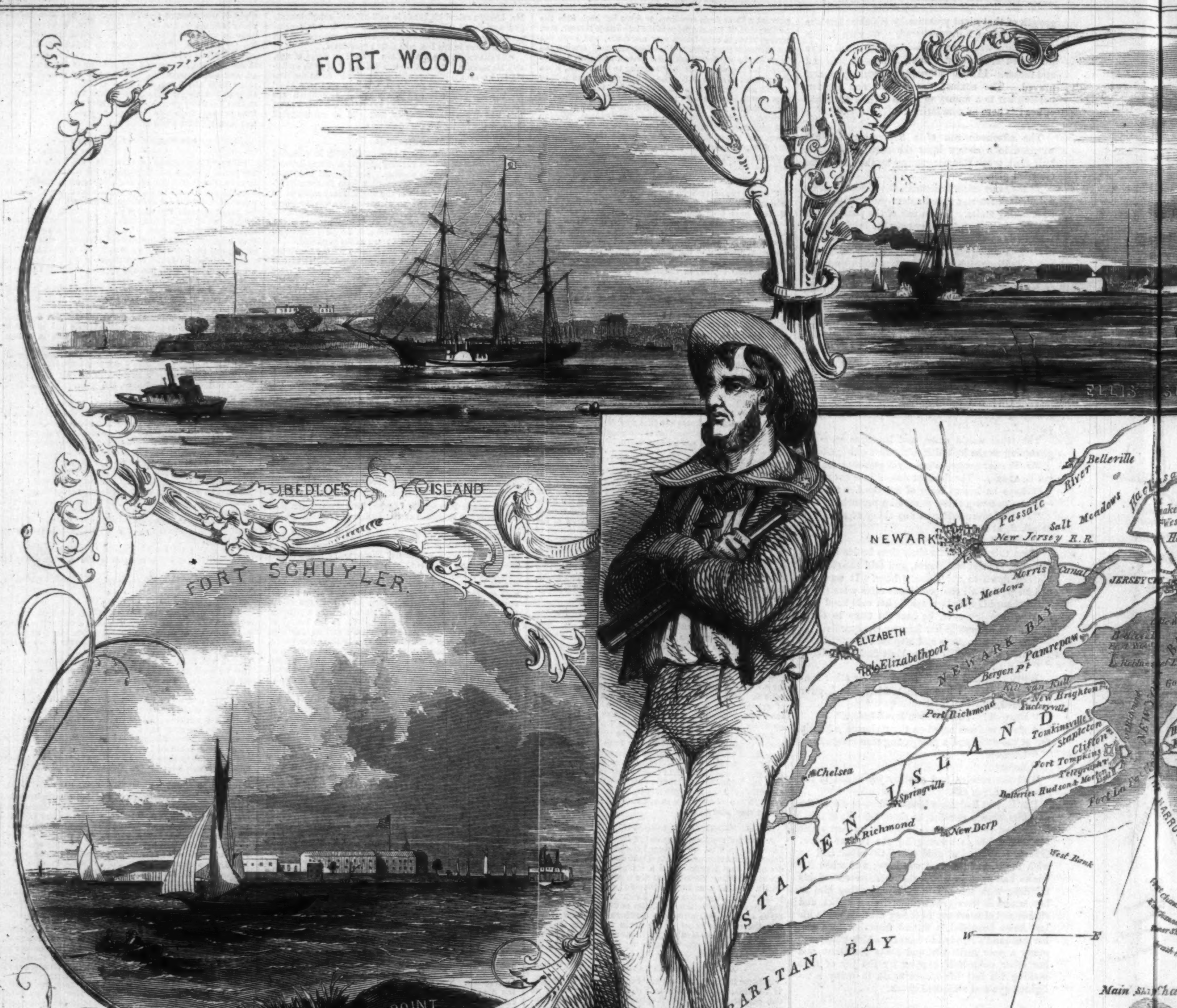
"To his Eminence Cardinal WISEMAN, London."

CHINA.

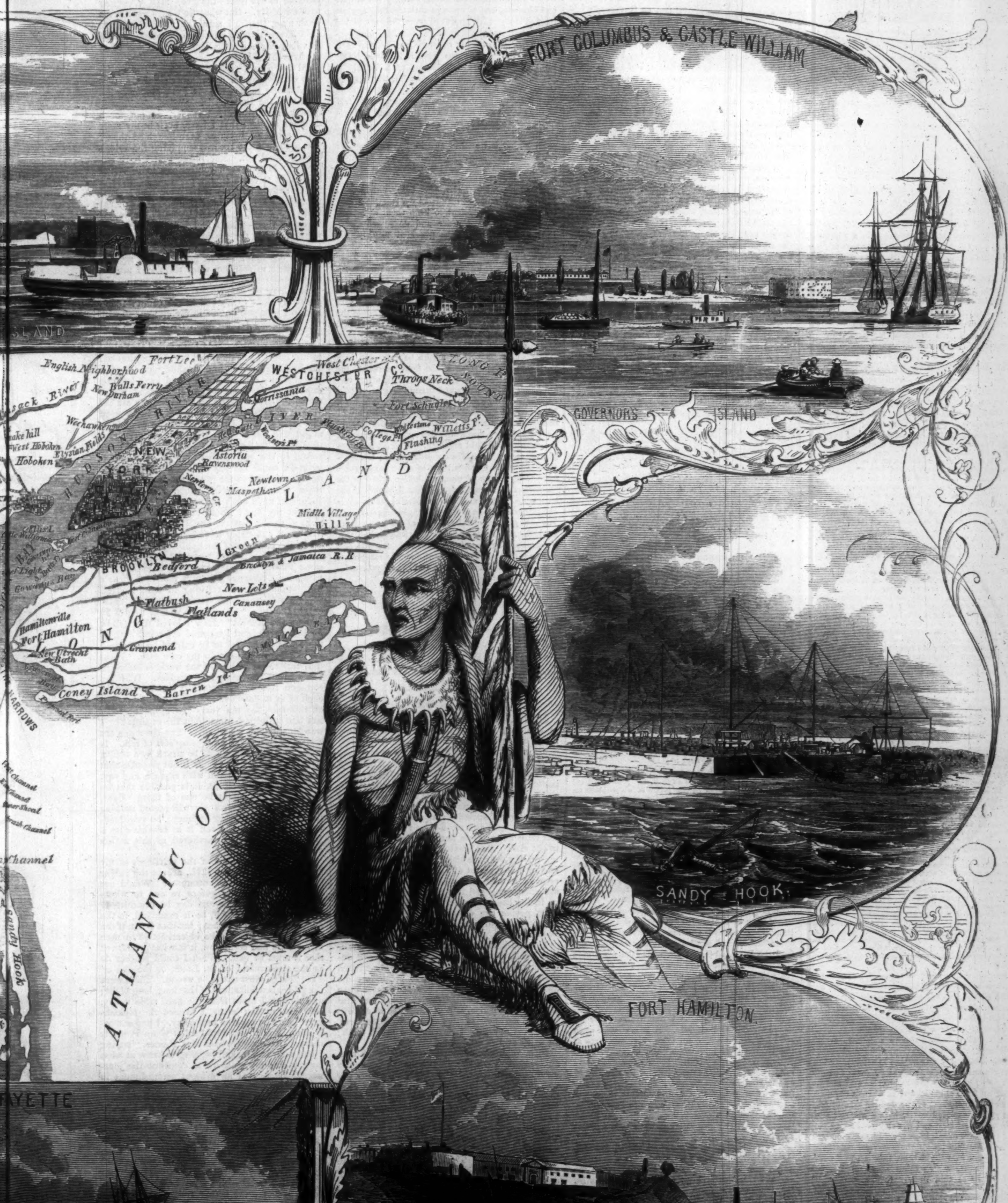
PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

The London *Times* publishes a long communication from its correspondent in China. The rupture of negotiations took place on the 7th, and on the 8th the army moved forward on Pekin. On the 9th Lord Elgin followed, and on the 11th the outposts of the allied forces had reached a place called Yung-tsun, forty-five miles from Pekin. The *Times* thinks that by the middle of the month the English and French were under the walls of the capital, and that if the Chinese were disposed to resist, another battle must have been fought about this time. The anticipation in camp seems, however, to have been that the Tartar army had been entirely cowed by the European artillery, and it is most probable that the appearance of the allies in the neighborhood of Pekin would be the signal for other overtures on the part of the Imperial mandarins. It is probable that negotiations may have taken place which will allow the army to re-embark before the approach of winter, but it seems far more likely that the capital had been taken and occupied, and that it will be held through the whole winter. Nor can there be any reason to anticipate danger from such a proceeding, and the *Times* trusts to hear by the next mail that the two generals, in full occupation of Pekin, had imposed such terms on the enemy as will insure its good behavior for many a year.

A dispatch received by the State Department from our Minister in China states that the treaty had been signed by the Emperor. The allied forces had reached to within twelve miles of Pekin before he was prevailed upon to attach the imperial seal to the document.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE FORTIFICATIONS FOR THE DEF



DEFENSE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.—[See next Page.]

THE FORTIFICATIONS FOR THE DEFENSE OF NEW YORK.

The recent visits of the City Guard and the Fifth Regiment to the forts in our harbor, for the purpose of practicing firing with barbette guns, and the interest which has been created thereby among military men especially, offers a favorable opportunity of presenting our readers with the large picture on the two preceding pages, embracing a bird's-eye or perspective map of New York and vicinity, showing the relative location of the forts already built or in the course of erection, together with views of the same, and of saying a few words upon a subject of the highest and most vital importance, not only to our city and State, but to the nation at large.

Early in the year 1859 Major Barnard, of the United States Engineer corps, addressed a communication to the Hon. J. B. Floyd, Secretary of War, which was subsequently published by the New York Chamber of Commerce, in a pamphlet form, and entitled "Dangers and Defenses of New York." In this paper Major B. starts with an allusion to the entire change which has taken place in the system of harbor defense since the war of 1812, and, indeed, since the Chief Engineer, in 1840, reported that the then existing fortifications in the harbor and on the shores of Staten and Long Islands, when in perfect order, would protect the city pretty well from an attack by water through this passage (the Narrows). This change is consequent upon the recent improvements in the *materiel* of maritime warfare, and the means of maritime attack, as well as upon the fact that a war waged against this country by any other nation must be conducted upon different principles from those through which we have heretofore passed. On this subject Major B. says:

"While formidable invasions of our territory had been made by land, the small works then in existence on Governor's and Bedloe's Islands had proved sufficient to protect the city; and such efforts as were made elsewhere against our maritime places proved how weak were the powers of attack of that day against fortifications—how little was required to secure our sea-ports and maritime cities. While the means of maritime attack have of late years assumed a magnitude and formidableness not dreamed of when our defensive system was planned, and our country has so increased in population, wealth, and military resources that no enemy can hope to make any impression by an invasion of our territory, our great maritime places like New York have, on the other hand, increased in even greater proportion, in every thing that could make them objects of attack.

"The works deemed adequate in former years for the defense of New York could not, therefore, in the nature of things, be adequate at the present day.

"The recent war of England and France against Russia may illustrate my meaning; for it has taught us what to expect were either of these nations to wage war against the United States.

"No invasion of territory, no attempt at territorial conquest, was made or thought of; for it was well foreseen that no decisive results would flow from such means. The war consisted exclusively in attacks upon maritime places—great sea-ports—seats of commercial and naval power. Such places, by their vast importance to the well-being and prosperity of a nation—by the large populations and immense amount of wealth concentrated in them, and by their exposure to maritime attack, offer themselves at once as points at which the most decisive results may be produced. Cronstadt, Sebastopol, Sweaborg, Kinburn, Odessa, Kertch, Petropauloski, and other places of less note, were in succession or simultaneously objects of attack; while such as the first-named became, indeed, the true seats of war.

"Around Sebastopol assailed and assailant gathered their resources, and on the result of the arduous struggle may be said to have turned the issue of the war. Had it not been so decided *there*, Cronstadt would have been the next field of combat, for which, indeed, the Allies had made the most enormous preparations.

"Is it not *certain* that in future all war of maritime powers against the United States will take a similar course? All territorial invasion being out of the question, it is against our *great* sea-ports and strategic points of coast defense—such as New York, New Orleans, and San Francisco—pre-eminently New York—that an enemy will concentrate his efforts. Against these he will prepare such immense armaments—against these he will call into existence special agencies of attack—which (unless met by an inexpugnable defensive system) shall *insure* success.

"The mere defense of the city against *ordinary fleets* is no longer the question; but *through the defensive works to be here erected, the nation is to measure its strength against the most lavish use of the resources of a great maritime power, aided by all that modern science and mechanical ingenuity, in creating or inventing means of attack, can bring against them;* in short, in fortifying New York, *we are really preparing the battle-field on which the issue of future momentous contests is to be decided.*"

It needs no argument to prove the correctness of the premises adopted by Major Barnard, as any one who will give a moment's thought to the consideration of the subject must be satisfied, that, with our dense population, accustomed to the use of arms—essentially a military people—with the telegraph and railroad lines to concentrate upon any given point tens of thousands of armed men, it would be madness in any nation to attempt to land an army upon our coast, with the object of marching any distance into the interior. The landing of an army from ships of war is a work requiring time, and, independent of the danger arising from storms on an exposed coast, before a large body of men with artillery and cavalry could be safely landed and intrenched, however numerous it might be, a force fourfold its numbers could be gathered to hurl it back into the sea, or, at least, to prevent it from marching a step inland. It must be apparent, therefore, that in any future wars which this country may wage with the nations of the Old World, our centres of trade and population must be the points of attack and resistance. The subject of the fortifications by which this great metropolis is defended is one, therefore, of no slight importance, and deserves thoughtful consideration. Not that we propose to elaborate it as its importance deserves—our space forbids—but we feel that in calling attention to it we are doing our part as journalists, in awakening, or rather in extending an interest already awakened, which may eventuate in perfecting a system of defense so complete as to bid defiance to any hostile entrance within the waters of our harbor.

Let us see what were the defenses which were relied upon by the chief engineer in 1840, to "pretty well protect the city from an attack by water through the Narrows." At that time there were upon Staten Island Forts Tompkins and Richmond, and Batteries Morton and Hudson; on Long Island, Forts Hamilton and Lafayette, with Fort Columbus and Castle William on Governor's Island; Fort Wood on Bedloe's, and the works on Ellis's Island in the waters of the Upper Bay, and Castle Clinton, or Castle Garden, mounting from 450 to 500 guns all told. Of these, Forts Tompkins, Lafayette, Castle William, and Castle Clinton, although competent perhaps to resist the means of attack in vogue at the period of their erection, are worse than worthless at the present time in view of the vast improvements in the means of maritime attack which have been made within the past twenty years; while all the rest, with the exception of Fort Hamilton, are open works affording but partial protection to their garrisons.

Without entering upon the discussion of the question, which seems to have called forth able disputants on both sides, whether earth-works or casemated forts are best calculated for the defense of harbors, or rather, whether the expense of such casemated forts or castles is necessary, we will simply say that Major Barnard most ably refutes the arguments of the negative,* and demonstrates the necessity and importance of such works, and his opinion seems to have prevailed; for since 1840, Fort Schuyler, a casemated fort of great strength, and mounting 249 guns, has been erected at Throg's Point, at the entrance of the East River from Long Island Sound, and Fort Richmond, a large casemated structure, mounting 140, on the site of old Fort Richmond, a water battery on Staten Island, at the Narrows, have been erected, and a large work on Sandy Hook (probably the largest in this country), and a new work, on the site of old Fort Tompkins, have been commenced. Thus we have in existence at the present time, or in course of erection:

			Guns.
NARROWS AND LOWER BAY.			
Fort (not yet named)..........	Sandy Hook.....	say	200
Fort Hamilton.................	Long Island	"	88
Fort Lafayette................	Long Island side	"	77
Fort Richmond	Staten Island ...	"	140
Batteries Hudson and Morton..	Staten Island ...	"	60
Fort Tompkins	Staten Island ...	"	40
INNER HARBOR.			
Fort Columbus...............	Governor's Island	"	91
Castle William	Governor's Island	"	78
South Battery	Governor's Island	"	13
Fort Wood	Bedloe's Island..	"	67
Ellis's Island	....	"	12
Castle Clinton................	Battery	"	28
ENTRANCE TO EAST RIVER.			
Fort Schuyler	Throg's Neck ...	"	249
Total			1143

For the relative positions of these we refer the reader to the map, while the views about it will convey to the mind a better idea than any description we can give of their advantageous position, their relative strength, comparative size, etc., etc. These would, to the cursory observer, seem to be sufficient to guard the portals to our harbor from all ordinary attacks; but in view of the immense importance of the object to be defended, as well as of the application of steam to armed vessels, it is thought necessary to increase the fortifications to such an extent as not only to prevent the *rapid passage* of a steam fleet, but to keep it under the fire of at least 300 guns at every point of a vessel's path, and at every spot where it may anchor. On this subject Major B. says:

"The lesson to be derived [from the war with Russia] by ourselves is too obvious to be dwelt upon. *Our own great maritime* places would be the points at which alone an European enemy could hope to strike *great blows; New York* pre-eminently. If it is left undefended, or is inadequately defended, its immense commerce, its rich dépôts of wealth and military and naval resources, the lives and property of its citizens will be, throughout *the whole period* of the war, at an unpitying enemy's mercy; and the national honor will suffer an indelible stain, by such a degradation of its great commercial emporium. If defended as it should be, *its defenses must be calculated to grapple with such armaments as we know can and will be brought against it;* and upon the success of the contest immense consequences—perhaps, as at Sebastopol, the issue of the war—will depend."

It is proposed, therefore, to augment the number of forts by constructing a work upon the West Bank to command the lesser entrances to the outer harbor, and another on Romer shoal, to defend the East and Swash channels (the main ship channel being under the fire of the fort on Sandy Hook); another on Coney Island, to prevent a landing in Gravesend Bay (where the British landed to attack the city in the Revolution); additions to Fort Hamilton; a new casemated battery on Staten Island, and improvements or remodeling of Fort Lafayette. A heavy work upon Robbin's reef, to take up the fire of the forts at the Narrows, and to defend the outlet of "the Kills," is also proposed. These additions would render the entrance to the harbor, by the way of Sandy Hook and the Narrows, impregnable to any force which might be brought against them. A new work on Willett's Point, opposite Fort Schuyler, together with obstructions in the East River, would effectually prevent a passage being forced by way of the Sound.

The estimated cost of these additional fortifications is between six and eight millions of dollars—a large sum, it is true, but not more than the amount of revenue collected here in two months, and but an item of the amount of damage to the city and nation should an enemy's fleet be able to force an entrance to our harbor. It is to be hoped that the importance of the object may lead to judicious legislation upon the subject.

To man these forts and work their guns would require a force of 15,000 or 16,000 men. Of course the regular army is out of the question; and upon the volunteer militia of our city and its neighborhood would devolve—as it of right ought—the duty of defending their homes, their firesides, and their property. We are too apt, however, to boast of our volunteers as the strong right arm of our defense, forgetting that they would be of very little, if any, service when arms are placed in their hands to which they are totally unaccustomed. In this connection we might add that the system upon which our militia are armed is entirely out of date and obsolete, and if brought into the field against trained troops with improved arms, they would find their numbers would count for nothing, when opposed to the muscular strength, agility, and skill with the bayonet of the French Zouaves. Our militia have always been counted upon for service in the fortifications; but to be useful, they require to be drilled upon a system entirely different from that heretofore pursued, and the sooner this fact is recognized and acted upon, the sooner will our boast have a basis in truth.

We do not intend to propose any plan or system upon which the militia should be organized or drilled in this connection; but we wish to throw out one or two hints, leaving others more competent to elaborate them.

The forts and batteries, after being put in complete order, should be manned by a small body of regular troops, sufficient to keep them and their armaments in good order and do guard duty. Proper officers should be provided to drill the forces in the use of the guns and preserve discipline. The militia, augmented to 20,000 (*two per cent.* of the population of the State would furnish 60,000), should be divided into detachments, preserving, as far as possible, their company organizations, and assigned to the various forts, where they should be thoroughly drilled in the use of the guns, and in resisting assaults upon the works. Each detachment would thus have its alarm post, to which, by aid of the numerous steamboats traversing our waters, they might be conveyed in a very short time. One of the forts nearest to the city might be used as a school for drill, where target-firing with barbette and casemated guns should be practiced, each detachment occupying it in turn. That portion not stationed in the batteries might constitute a reserve to cover exposed points, or relieve garrisons; and would have connected with it the cavalry and field artillery. Thus, it seems to us, our volunteer soldiers would acquire a knowledge of the duty which must of necessity devolve upon them in case of war, and better subserve the purpose of their organization than in parading our streets in showy uniforms, rendering themselves obnoxious to the imputation of "playing soldiers." We are glad to see that some of the corps have made the attempt to acquire such a knowledge (and, if report says truly, with considerable success), and we trust that all will follow the good example set them by the Fifth Regiment and the City Guard.

* For much valuable information on this subject, we would refer the reader to Major Barnard's pamphlet before alluded to.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

My reader is sufficiently acquainted with me by this time to know that there is one quality in me on which he can always count with safety—my candor! There may be braver men and more ingenious men, there may be, I will not dispute it, persons more gifted with oratorical powers, better linguists, better mathematicians, and with higher acquirements in art; but I take my stand upon candor, and say, there never lived the man, ancient or modern, who presented a more open and undisguised section of himself than I have done, am doing, and hope to do to the end. And what, I would ask you, is the reason why we have hitherto made so little progress in that greatest of all sciences—the knowledge of human nature? Is it not because we are always engaged in speculating on what goes on in the hearts of others—guessing, as it were, what people are doing next door, instead of honestly recording what takes place in our own house?

You think this same candor is a small quality. Well, show me one thoroughly honest autobiography. Of all the men who have written their own memoirs, it is fair to presume some may have lacked personal courage; some have been deficient in truthfulness; some forgetful of early friendships, and so on. Yet where will you find me one—I only ask one—who declares, "I was a coward; I never could speak truth; I was by nature ungrateful?"

Now, it would be exactly through such confessions as these our knowledge of humanity would be advanced. The ship that makes her voyage without the loss of a spar or a rope teaches little; but there is a whole world of information in the log of the vessel with a great hole in her, all her masts carried away, the captain invariably drunk, and the crew mutinous. Then, we hear of energy and daring and ready-wittedness, marvelous resource, and indomitable perseverance. Then we come to estimate a variety of qualities that are only evoked by danger. Just as some gallant skipper might say, "I saw that we couldn't weather the point, and so I dropped anchor in thirty fathoms, and determined to trust all to my cables;" or, "I perceived that we were settling down, so I cracked all canvas on, resolved to beach her." In the same spirit, I would like to read in some personal memoir, "Knowing that I could not rely on my courage; feeling that if pressed hard I should certainly have told a lie—" Oh, if we only could get honesty like this! If some great statesman, some grand fore-ground figure of his age, would sit down to give his trials as they really occurred, we should learn more of life from one such volume than we glean from all the mock memoirs we have been reading for centuries!

It is the special pleading of these records that makes them so valueless; the writer always is bent on making out his case. It is the eternal representation of that spectacle said to be so pleasing to the gods—the good man struggling with adversity. But what we want to see is the weak man, the frail man, the man who has to fight adversity with an old rusty musket and a flint lock, instead of an Enfield rifle, loading at the breach!

I'd not give a rush to see Blondin cross the falls of Niagara on a tight-rope; but I'd cross the Atlantic to see, say the Lord Mayor or the Master of the Rolls try it.

Now, much-respected reader, do not for a moment suppose that I have, even in my most vainglorious of raptures, ever imagined that I was here in these records supplying the void I have pointed out. Remember that I have expressly told you, such confessions, to be valuable, ought to come from a great man. Painful as the avowal is, I am not a great man! Elements of greatness I have in me, it is true; but there are wants, deficiencies, small little details many of them—rivets and bolts, as it were—without which the machinery can't work; and I know this, and I feel it.

This digression has all grown out of my unwillingness to mention what mention I must—that I passed my night at the little inn on the table where we supped. I had not courage to assert my right to my bed in the count's room, and so I wrapped myself in my cloak, and with my carpet-bag for a pillow, tried to sleep. It was no use—the most elastic spring-mattress and a down cushion would have failed that night to lull me. I was outraged beyond endurance: she had slighted, he had insulted me! Such a provocation as he gave me could have but one expiation. He could not, by any pretext, refuse me satisfaction. But was I as ready to ask it? Was it so very certain that I would insist upon this reparation? He was certain to wound, he might kill me! I believe I cried over that thought. To be cut off in the bud of one's youth, in the very spring-time of one's enjoyment—I could not say of one's utility—to go down unnoticed to the grave, never appreciated, never understood, with vulgar and mistaken judgment upon one's character and motives! I thought my heart would burst with the afflictions of such a picture, and I said, "No, Potts, live—live, and reply to such would-be slanderers by the exercise of the qualities of your great nature." Numberless beautiful little episodes came thronging to my memory, of good men, men whose personal gallantry had won them a world-wide renown, refusing to fight a duel. "We are to storm the citadel to-morrow, colonel," said one; "let us see which of us will be first up the breach." How I loved that fellow for his speech, and I tortured my mind how, as there was no citadel to be carried by assault, I could apply its wisdom to my own case. What if I were to say, "Count, the world is before us—a world full of trials and troubles. With the common fortune of humanity we are certain each of us to have our share. What if we meet on this spot, say ten years hence, and see who has best acquitted himself in the conflict?" I wonder what he would say. The Germans are a strange, imaginative, dreamy sort of folk. Is it not likely that he would be struck by a notion so undeniably original? Is it not probable that he would seize my hand with rapture, and say, "Ja! I agree?" Still, it is possible that he might not; he might be one of those vulgar, matter-of-fact creatures who will regard nothing through the tinted glass of fancy; he might ridicule the project, and tell it at breakfast as a joke. I felt almost smothered as this notion crossed me.

I next bethought me of the privileges of my rank. Could I, as an R.H., accept the vulgar hazards of a personal encounter? Would not such conduct be derogatory in one to whom great destinies might one day be committed? Not that I lent myself, be it remarked, to the delusion of being a prince; but that I felt, if the line of conduct would be objectionable to men in my rank and condition, it inevitably followed that it must be bad. What I could neither do as the descendant of St. Louis, or the son of Peter Potts, must needs be wrong. These were the grievous meditations of that long, long night; and though I arose from the hard table weary, and with aching bones, I blessed the pinkish-gray light that ushered in the day. I had scarcely completed a very rapid toilet when François came with a message from Mrs. Keates, "hoping I had rested well, and begging to know at what hour it was my pleasure to continue the journey." There was an evident astonishment in the fellow's face at the embassy with which he was charged; and though he delivered the message with seasonable propriety, there was a certain something in his look that said, "What delusion is this you have thrown around the old lady?"

"Say that I am ready, François; that I am even impatient to be off, and the sooner we start the better."

This I uttered with all my heart; for I was eager to get away before the odious German should be stirring, and could not subdue my anxiety to avoid meeting him again. There was every reason to expect that we should get off unnoticed, and I hastened out myself to order the horses and stimulate the postillions to greater activity. This was no labor of love, I promise you! The sluggardly inertness of that people passes all belief; entreaties, objurgations, curses, even bribes could not move them. They never admitted such a possibility as haste, and stumped about in their wooden shoes or iron-bound boots, searching for articles of horse-gear under bundles of hay or stacks of fire-wood, as though it was the very first time in their lives that post-horses had ever been required in that locality. "Make a great people out of such materials as these!" muttered I; "what rubbish to imagine it! How, with such intolerable apathy, are they to be moved? Where every thing proceeds at

the same regulated slowness, how can justice ever overtake crime? When can truth come up with falsehood? Whichever starts first here must inevitably win. To urge the creatures on by example, I assisted with my own hands to put on the harness; not, I will own, with much advantage to speed, for I put the collar on upside down, and, in revenge for the indignity, the beast planted one of his feet upon me, and almost drove the cast of his shoe through my instep. Almost mad with pain and passion, I limped away into the garden, and sat down in a damp summer-house. A sleepless night, a lazy hostler, and a bruised foot, are, after all, not stunning calamities; but there are moments when our jarred nerves jangle at the slightest touch, and even the most trivial inconveniences grow to the size of afflictions.

"We began to fear you were lost, Sir," said François, breaking in upon my gloomy reverie, I can not say how long after. "The horses have been at the door this half hour, and all the house searching after you."

I did not deign a reply, but followed him, as he led me by a short path to the house. Mrs. Keates and Miss Herbert had taken their places inside the carriage, and, to my ineffable disgust, there was the German chatting with them at the door, and actually presenting a bouquet the landlord had just fetched out to her. Unable to confront the fellow with that contemptuous indifference which I knew with a little time and preparation I could summon to my aid, I scaled up to my leathern attic and let down the blinds.

"Do you mean," said I, through a small slit in my curtain—"do you mean to sit smoking there all day? Will you never drive on?" And now, with a crash of bolts and a jarring of cordage, like what announces the launch of a small ship, the heavy conveniency lurched, surged, and, after two or three convulsive bounds, lumbered along, and we started on our day's journey. As we bumped along, I remembered that I had never wished the ladies a good-morning, nor addressed them in any way; so completely had my selfish preoccupation immersed me in my own annoyances, that I actually forgot the commonest attentions of every-day life. I was pained by this rudeness on my part, and waited with impatience for our first change of horses to repair my omission. Before, however, we had gone a couple of miles, the little window at my back was opened, and I heard the old lady's voice, asking if I had ever chanced upon a more comfortable country inn, or with better beds?

"Not bad—not bad," said I, tiredly. "I had such a mass of letters to write that I got little sleep. In fact, I scarcely could say I took any rest."

While the old lady expressed her regretful condolences at this, I saw that Miss Herbert pinched her lips together as if to avoid a laugh, and the bitter thought crossed me, "She knows it all!"

"I am easily put out, besides," said I. "That is, at certain times I am easily irritated, and a vulgar German fellow who supped with us last night so ruffled my temper, that I assure you he continued to go through my head till morning."

"Oh, don't call him vulgar!" broke in Miss Herbert, in agony; "surely there could be nothing more quiet or unpretending than his manners."

"If I were to hunt for an epithet for a month," retorted I, "a more suitable one would never occur to me. The fellow was evidently an actor of some kind—perhaps a rope-dancer."

She burst in with an exclamation, but at the same time Mrs. Keates interposed, and though her words were perfectly inaudible to me, I had no difficulty in gathering their import, and saw that the young person was undergoing a pretty smart lecture for her presumption in daring to differ in opinion with my royal highness. I suppose it was very ignoble of me, but I was delighted at it. I was right glad that the old woman administered that sharp castigation, and I burned even with impatience to throw in a shell myself and increase the discomfiture. Mrs. Keates finished her gallop at last, and I took up the running.

"You were fortunate, Madam," said I, "in the indisposition that confined you to your room, and which rescued you from the underbred presumption of this man's manners. I have traveled much, I have mixed largely, I may say with every rank and condition, and in every country of Europe, so that I am not pronouncing the opinion of one totally inadequate to form a judgment—"

"Certainly not, Sir. Listen to that, young lady," muttered she, in a sort of under growl.

"In fact," resumed I, "it is one of my especial amusements to observe and note the forms of civilization implied by mere conventional habits. If, from circumstances not necessary to particularize, certain advantages that favored this pursuit—"

When I had reached thus far in my very pompous preface, the clatter of a horse coming up at full speed arrested my attention, and at the very moment the German himself, the identical subject of our talk, dashed up to the carriage window, and, with a few polite words, handed in a small volume to Miss Herbert, which, it seems, he had promised to give her, but could not accomplish before in consequence of the abrupt haste of our departure. The explanation did not occupy an entire minute, and he was gone and out of sight at once. And now the little window was closed, and I could distinctly hear that Mrs. Keates was engaged in one of those salutary exercises by which age communicates its experiences to youth. I wished I could have opened a little chink to listen to it, but I could not do so undetected, so I had to console myself by imagining all the shrewd and disagreeable remarks she must have made. Morals has its rhubarb as well as medicine—wholesale, doubtless, when down, but marvelously nauseous and very hard to swallow; and I felt that the young person was getting a full dose. Indeed, I could catch two very significant words, which came and came again in the allocution, and the very utterance of which added to their sharpness: "levity," "encouragement." There they were again!

"Lay it on, old lady," muttered I; "your precepts are sound; never was there a case more meet for their application. Never mind a little pain either—one must touch the quick to make the cautery effectual. She will be all the better for the lesson, and she has well earned it!"

Oh, Potts! Potts! was not this very hard-hearted and ungenerous? Why should the sorrow of that young creature have been a pleasure to you? Is it possible that the mean sentiment of revenge has had any share in this? Are you angry with her that she liked that man's conversation, and turned to *him* in preference to *you?* You surely can not be actuated by a motive so base as this? Is it for herself, for her own advantage, her preservation, that you are thinking all this time? Of course it is. And there now, I think I hear her sob. Yes, she is crying; the old lady has really come to the quick, and I believe is not going to stop there.

"Well," thought I, "old ladies are an excellent invention; none of these cutting severities could be done but for them. And they have a patient persistence in this surgery quite wonderful, for when they have flayed the patient all over, they sprinkle on salt as carefully as if they were frosting a plum-cake."

At last, I did begin to wish it was over. She surely must have addressed herself to every phase of the question in an hour and a half, and yet I could hear her still grinding, grinding on, as though the efficacy of her precepts, like a homœopathic remedy, were to be increased by trituration. Fortunately, we had to halt for fresh horses, and so I got down to chat with them at the carriage door, and interrupt the lecture. Little was I prepared for the reddened eyes and quivering lips of that poor girl, as she drank off the glass of water she begged me to fetch her, but still less for the few words she contrived to whisper in my ear, as I took the glass from her hands.

"I hope you have made me miserable enough *now*."

And with this the window was banged to, and away we went.

CHAPTER XXV.

I WAS so hurt by the last words of Miss Herbert to me, that I maintained throughout the entire day what I meant to be a "dignified reserve," but what I half suspect bore stronger resemblance to a deep sulk. My station had its privileges, and I resolved to take the benefit of them. I dined alone. Yes, on that day I did fall back upon the eminence of my condition, and proudly intimated that I desired solitude. I was delighted to see the dismay this declaration caused. Old Mrs. Keates was speechless with terror. I was looking at her through a chink in the door when Miss Herbert gave my message, and I thought she would have fainted.

"What were his precise words? Give them to me exactly as he uttered them," said she, tremulously; "for there are persons whose intimations are half commands."

"I can scarcely repeat them, Madam," said the other; "but their purport was, that we were not to expect him at dinner, that he had ordered it to be served in his own room, and at his own hour."

"And this is very probably all your doing," said the old lady, with indignation. "Unaccustomed to any levity of conduct, brought up in a rank where familiarities are never practiced, he has been shocked by your conduct with that stranger. Yes, Miss Herbert, I say shocked, because, however harmless in intention, such freedoms are utterly unknown in—in certain circles."

"I am sure, Madam," replied she, with a certain amount of spirit, "that you are laboring under a very grave misapprehension. There was no familiarity, no freedom. We talked as I imagine people usually talk when they sit at the same table. Mr.—I scarcely know his name—"

"Nor is it necessary, Miss Herbert," said the old woman, tartly; "though, if you had, probably this unfortunate incident might not have occurred. Sit down there, however, and write a few lines in my name, hoping that his indisposition may be very slight, and begging to know if he desire to remain here to-morrow and take some repose."

I waited till I saw Miss Herbert open her writing-desk, and then I hastened off to my room to reflect over my answer to her note. Now that the suggestion was made to me, I was pleased with the notion of passing an entire day where we were. The place was Schaffhausen, the famous fall of the Rhine, not very much as a cataract, but picturesque withal; pleasant chestnut woods to ramble about, and a nice old inn in a wild old wilderness of a garden that sloped down to the very river.

Strange perversity is it not? but how naturally one likes every thing to have some feature or other out of keeping with its intrinsic purport. An inn like an old château, a chief justice that could ride a steeple-chase, a bishop that sings Moore's Melodies, have an immense attraction for me. They seem all, as it were, to say, "Don't fancy life is a mere four-roomed house with a door in the middle. Don't imagine that all is humdrum, and routine, and regular. Notwithstanding his wig and stern black eyebrows, there is a touch of romance in that old chancellor's heart that you couldn't beat out of it with his great mace; and his grace the primate there has not forgotten what made the poetry of his life in days before he ever dreamed of charges or triennial visitations."

By these reflections I mean to convey that I am very fond of an inn that does not look like an inn, but resembles a faded old country-house, or a deserted convent, or a disabled mill. This Schaffhausen Gasthaus looked like all three. It was the sort of place one might come to in a long vacation, to live simply and go early to bed, taking monotony as a tonic, and fancying unbroken quiet as better than quinine.

"Ah!" thought I, "if it had not been for that confounded German, what a paradise might not this have been to me! Down there in that garden, with the din of the waterfall around us, walking under the old cherry-trees, brushing our way through tangled sweet-briers, and arbutus, and laburnum, what delicious nonsense might I not have poured into her ear! Ay! and not unwillingly had she heard it. That something within that never deceives, that little crimson heart within the rose of conscience tells me that she liked me, that she was attracted by what, if it were not for shame, I would call the irresistible attractions of my nature; and now this creature of braten and beet-root had spoiled all, jarring the instrument and unstrung chords that might have yielded me such sweet music."

In thinking over the inadequacy of all human institutions, I have often been struck by the fact, that, while the law gives the weak man a certain measure of protection against the superior physical strength of the powerful ruffian in the street, it affords none against the assaults of the intellectual bully at a dinner party. *He* may maltreat you at his pleasure, batter you with his arguments, kick you with inferences, and knock you down with conclusions, and no help for it all!

"Ah, here comes François with the note." I wrote one line in pencil for answer: I am sensibly touched by your consideration, and will pass to-morrow here." I signed this with a P., which might mean Prince, Potts, or Pottinger. My reply dispatched, I began to think how I could improve the opportunity. "I will bring her to book," thought I; "I will have an explanation." I always loved that sort of thing—there is an almost certainty of emotion; now emotion begets tears; tears, tenderness; tenderness, consolation; and when you reach consolation, you are, so to say, a tenant in possession; your title may be disputable, your lease invalid, still you are there, on the property, and it will take time at least to turn you out. "After all," thought I, "that rude German has but troubled the water for a moment, the pure well of her affections will by this time have regained its calm, still surface, and I shall see my image there as before."

My meditations were interrupted, perhaps not unpleasantly. It was the waiter with my dinner. I am not unsocial—I am eminently the reverse—I may say, like most men who feel themselves conversationally gifted, I like company, I feel that my gifts have in such gatherings their natural ascendency—and yet, with all this, I have always felt that to dine splendidly, all alone, was a very grand thing. Mind, I don't say it is pleasant, or jolly, or social; but simply that it is grand to see all that table equipage of crystal and silver spread out for *you* alone; to know that the business of that gorgeous candelabrum is to light *you;* that the two decorous men in black—archdeacons they might be, from the quiet dignity of their manners—are there to wait upon *you;* that the whole sacrifice, from the caviare to the cheese, was a hecatomb to *your* greatness. I repeat, these are all grand and imposing considerations, and there have been times when I have enjoyed these Lucullus cum Lucullo festivals more than convivial assemblages. This day was one of these: I lingered over my dinner in delightful dalliance. I partook of nearly every dish, but, with a supreme refinement, ate little of any, as though to imply, "I am accustomed to a very different cuisine from this; it is not thus that I fare habitually." And yet I was blandly forgiving, accepting even such humble efforts to please as if they had been successes. The Cliquot was good, and I drank no other wine, though various flasks with tempting titles stood around me.

Dinner over and coffee served, I asked the waiter what resources the place possessed in the way of amusement. He looked blank and even distressed at my question; he had all his life imagined that the Falls sufficed for every thing; he had seen the tide of travel halt there to view them for years. Since he was a boy, he had never ceased to witness the yearly recurring round of tourists who came to see, and sketch, and scribble about them, and so he faintly muttered out a remonstrance,

"Monsieur has not yet visited the Falls."

"The Falls! why I see them from this, and if I open the window I am stunned with their uproar."

I was really sorry at the pain my hasty speech gave him, for he looked suddenly faint and ill, and after a moment gasped out,

"But Monsieur is surely not going away without a visit to the cataract? the guide-books give two hours as the very shortest time to see them effectually."

"I only gave ten minutes to Niagara, my good friend," said I, "and would not have spared even that, but that I wanted to hold a sprained ankle under the fall."

He staggered, and had to hold a chair to support himself:

"There is, besides, the Laufen Schloss—"

"As to castles," broke I in, "I have no need to leave my own to see all that medieval architecture can boast. No, no," sighed I out, "if I am to have new sensations they must come through some other channel than sight. Have you no theatre?"

"No, Sir. None."

"No concert-rooms, no music garden?"

"None, Sir."

"Not even a circus?" said I, peevishly.

"There was, Sir, but it was not attended. The strangers all come to see the Falls."

"Confound the Falls! And what became of the circus?"

"Well, they made a bad business of it; got into debt on all sides for oil, and forage, and printing placards, and so on, and then they beat a sudden retreat one night, and slipped off, all but two, and indeed they were about the best of the company; but somehow they lost their way in the forest, and instead of coming up with their companions, found themselves at daybreak at the outside of the town."

"And these two unlucky ones, what were they?"

"One was the chief clown, Sir, a German, and the other was a little girl, a Moor they called her; but the cleverest creature to ride or throw somersaults through hoops of the whole of them."

"And how do they live now?"

"Very hardly, I believe, Sir; and but for Tintenfleck—that's what they call her—they might starve; but she goes about with her guitar through the cafés of an evening, and as she has a sweet voice, she picks up a few batzen. But the maire, I hear, won't permit this any longer, and says that, as they have no passport or papers of any kind, they must be sent over the frontier as vagabonds."

"Let that maire be brought before *me*," said I, with a haughty indignation. "Let me tell him in a few brief words what I think of his heartless cruelty— But no, I was forgetting—I am here incog. Be careful, my good man, that you do not mention what I have so inadvertently dropped; remember that I am nobody here; I am Number Five, and nothing more. Send the unfortunate creatures, however, here, and let me interrogate them. They can be easily found, I suppose?"

"In a moment, Sir. They were in the Platz just when I served the pheasant."

"What name does the man bear?"

"I never heard a name for him. Among the company he was called Väterchen, as he was the oldest of them all; and, indeed, they seemed all very fond of him."

"Let Väterchen and Tintenfleck, then, come hither. And bring fresh glasses, waiter."

And I spoke as might an Eastern despot giving his orders for a "nautch;" and then, waving my hand, motioned the messenger away.

FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON.

THE Paris fashions for the present season contain many novelties. Our illustration, on the following page, gives two of the new cloaks, the *Lodi*, and the *Chambéry;* also a new evening dress.

NEW CLOAKS.

The *Lodi Cloak* is of velvet, without any other trimming than a narrow ruching placed upon the interior edge. The sleeve, in two pieces, forms two points; to the bottom one a large tassel is attached. The *Chambéry Cloak*, very simple in its form, is composed of a light-colored cloth bordered with a silk binding; the shoulder-straps are of passementerie. The manteau Chambéry fastens in front by means of three large buttons.

AN EVENING DRESS.

A new *Dress for an Evening Party* is a robe of pink gaze de Chambéry, with five goffered flounces, which are placed round the dress in such a manner as that the ends of three of them are brought up on one side of the skirt, where they terminate graduatingly, as shown in our illustration, These three pieces of flouncing finish with a large simple bow without ends. The corsage is round, with a plaited front, the sleeves (of tulle) having three rows of narrow goffering descending from the base of the shoulder. To the back of the waist is attached a bow, from which depend two streamers of silk ribbon of the same color as the dress. The head-dress consists of a garland composed of tufts of flowers of different hues, the back hair being fastened by a gilt band.

JUPONS.

Among other changes this season we may allude to the new skirts. Among the numerous descriptions of jupons, of bright or of dark color, striped or plain, the most recently introduced is the *Cage Empire*, as it is called, the only one now accepted in the *monde élégant*, as it is the only one that fulfills all the requirements of the mode of stiff petticoats, without imparting to them an appearance of exaggerated extension. It is light, supple, and very agreeable to the wearer, fitting gracefully to the waist.

BONNETS.

A decided modification has taken place in the shape of bonnets this autumn. The front advances further on the forehead, and falls back rather rapidly on reaching the side. The shape of the curtain is peculiar, being smaller, more graceful, and withal proportionate. The entire bonnet is rarely composed exclusively of velvet, crape, etc.; blonde, silk, and lace are mixed up more than ever with the material.

HEAD-DRESSES.

Without entering into details, we may allude to the increased varieties of garland head-dresses, composed of puffs, lace, and flowers, the luxury of which is in keeping with the extravagant exigencies of the toilet of the present day.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER, 1860.—[SEE PAGE 779.]

THE INQUISITION AT ROME.

WE publish herewith, from plans taken by a Roman architect during the Roman Republic of 1849, an accurate plan of the Roman Inquisition Building. It serves to explain the apartments on the ground-floor, the subterranean, and the first floor above the ground. The Roman numerals mark the ground-floor, the small letters the subterranean, and the Roman capitals the first floor. The following is the key to the plan:

GROUND-FLOOR.

I. Principal entrance.
II. Vestibule.
III. Guard-room.
IV. Ante-chamber.
V. Main staircase, which leads to the upper stories.
VI. Large court, with

1. A portico all around it, leading to the chambers of the officers.

VII., VIII., IX., X. Small rooms, very feebly lighted, for the imprisonment of doubtful persons arrested.

XI., XII. Writing-rooms.

XIII. Large court of the prisons, around which are

2. Remains and traces of an old three-sided portico, which was demolished by order of the Triumvirate.

XIV. Keeper's room.

XV. Other rooms, with

3. A hole dug in the pavement, from which a vaulted subterranean passage leads to the spacious and dark subterranean places marked *d, d, d; e, e, e.*

4. Demolished wall, the removal of which exposed to view a secret pit, like a well, extending from the story above the basement floor down below the bottom of the lowest subterranean of this horrible, sacrilegious edifice. In the first days of May, 1849, men were digging out the putrified bones of unknown victims who had been mysteriously martyred there, some of which appeared to be of recent date.

5. A secret door, which appeared like a book-case, indicating a former passage for communication with No. XVII.

XVI. Great hall of the prison and *torture-chamber*, with a block of marble and other stones, hollowed with skill, on which, it appeared, they had placed the feet or arms of prisoners. There were large iron rings fixed in the walls.

6. A niche, in which was placed the image of an idol, with arms movable at the joints by means of a secret and powerful mechanism, with which, it seemed, they had tortured their innocent victims.

7. Aperture in the wall, recently broken through, to reach No. XVII., instead of the door, 5, near the excavation, which rendered it useless, being so near it.

XVII. Atrio, or landing-place, and secret staircase leading to the first and second stories above the basement.

8. Human bones, scattered and in heaps, some of them of recent date.

XVIII. Chamber of rigorous inquisition.

XIX. Prisons of convalescence.

9. Entrance of a pitfall, which ends in the subterranean prison below (marked *b*).

10. Entrance of a staircase, shut in dark, with a heavy wooden covering strengthened with iron.

THE SUBTERRANEAN.

a. A dark prison, with two large iron rings fixed in the red and infected walls.

b. Prisons, with very feeble light, admitted through a small subterranean window (marked 11), with iron rings like the preceding. Here was found the mouth of a deep hole, like a well.

11. A very small window, or loop-hole, furnished with large gratings, formed to give light to the underground court.

c. 12. Another prison, with a little window which admitted only a very little light. In the part within the demolished aperture before existing in the fetid pavement, was a staircase of decayed wood, leading down to a deep vault, which nobody was able to examine, both because of the unsafe condition of the steps, the horrid appearance of the hole, and the mephytic smell which proceeded from it—the stench of decaying corpses.

13. Enlargement of an opening, like the mouth of an oven, which had formerly existed there, from which workmen were taking out dry bones from a heap of skeletons. This hole appeared to have a communication with another, judging from indications in a wall more recently erected.

d, d, d. Part of the subterranean, more elevated than those marked *e, e, e.*

e, e, e. Another part, deeper than *d, d, d,* having remains of unburied corpses scattered about here and there.

14. An accidental fissure in the broken wall, serving as a mysterious communication with the pit under trap-door—No. 15.

FIRST STORY.

A. Chamber of residence of the *First Father Inquisitor*.

15. A majestic doorway, communicating with apartment B.

B. The floor of this passage covered a precipitous abyss, and gave way at the slightest pressure. This is the tremendous TRAP-DOOR OF THE INQUISITION, or *Trabocchetto del Sant' Ufficio*. It is constructed with such skill and precision that, on closing it, there is not the slightest sign of sinister suspicion. From the top to the bottom of the hole there are large stones projecting from the sides, which even now are stained with blood, and some of them locks of hair, from persons martyred in that pit. In the bottom was found the skull of a young lady, of a recent date, from which many of the visitors carried away locks of her long brown hair.

B. Chamber of the *Second Father Inquisitor*.

Above these two chambers, A and B, and in continuation, are found a number of very small and dark prisons, on the walls of which were written thousands and thousands of imprecations and maledictions, the curses of innocent victims of the rage and lust of the "men in purple."

C. Apparently a sink, feebly lighted, where were perceptible traces of ignominious punishments and infernal cruelty. There was found a human hand, of which only the bones remained, with the joints pierced through with a large nail driven into a wooden bench.

D. Another small room, without any light, the use of which could not be understood, and which perhaps served only as a passage to the room E, through the small door 17.

E. A large supplementary apartment.

N.B.—What I have described above I saw and verified with my own eyes in the first days of May, 1849, at that epoch when Mazzini, then a Triumvir, decreed that that infernal edifice should be destroyed to its foundation.

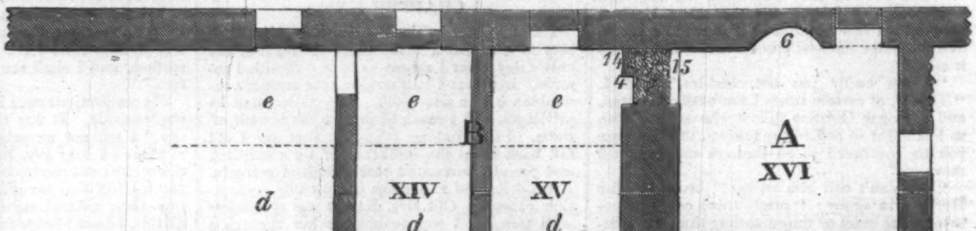
Many of our readers will remember that letters were published, in 1849, by different persons who had visited the Roman Inquisition, or Holy Office, in American newspapers, some of which were copied from English or French gazettes, and that they corresponded, in many essential particulars, with the preceding description. This concurrent testimony would be found to be very impressive and convincing, if we had room to lay it all at once before our readers. We can, however, find room only for some extracts from a very full and authentic description, given by one of the best and most respected writers of our day, Signor F. De Boni, who paid long and repeated visits to the edifice, and published a formal account of what he saw in that interesting Italian magazine, *Italia del Popolo*. We copy from the translation made for "The Roman Republic of 1849, by Theodore Dwight:"

Near the Vatican Square, between the Church of St. Peter and the Castle of Sant' Angelo, extends a street which bears a melancholy name: "THE STREET OF THE INQUISITION." There the tribunal resides which makes the altar a stepping-stone to the prison. In that street multitudes of persons crowded in March and April, 1849, and passed through the spacious edifice to which it leads, uttering imprecations and maledictions as they returned, then silently dispersed to their homes, with indignation, fear, and horror contending in their breasts.

On the 4th of April, 1849, the Government of the Republic, moved by a sentiment of justice and Christian compassion, having established, on the ruins of papal tyranny, the legitimate reign of brotherly equality, decreed that the houses of the Holy Office should become the habitations of poor families, who had only miserable dwellings, in unhealthy and confined quarters of Rome. They intended thus to cancel, on a republican plan, the remains of ancient tyranny, by consecrating to beneficence what papal cruelty had devoted to torture. Consequently the Holy Office, which for three centuries had been closed, except to victims of suspicion and the martyrs of liberty and conscience, whom it buried in prisons or gave to the flames, was thrown open to the people. The people can reason clearly; and in those religious prisons they better understood the necessity of rejecting the shepherd who bears a sword instead of a crook, and more admired and loved the gentle doctrine of the Nazarene, while shuddering at the tortures inflicted in his name.

And what awful scenes did history bring to mind to those who passed through those dismal halls! From this place, so near the Vatican, issued the orders for the slaughter of the Jews and the last Mussulmans in Spain. Within this building was decreed the murder of the Waldenses in the Guardia of Lombardy and the subalpine valleys. Here Galileo was tortured, the imprisonment of Gianone was ordered, Pasquale was condemned to the flames, as well as Carnesecchi, Paleario, and Giardano Bruno. Here were planned the murder of the Huguenots and the horrors of Flanders. Here the censorship was organized, war was made against the printing-press, a holy act was pronounced treason, and attempts were made to chain the mind. But that Prometheus has broken its bonds, and the world is going on under its influence.

The edifice of the "*Holy*" Inquisition was in part erected about the middle of the 16th century. It may be divided into three parts, having the form of two rectangular buildings and a trapezium united. It is presumed by some that the edifice rests its walls upon a prison of Nero. In March, 1849, the Government of the Republic ordered accommodations for stables for the national artillery, and appropriated a part of the Inquisition, under the closed gallery of the second court. A space was opened in the walls; when the workmen discovered an aperture. The rubbish was removed,



GROUND-PLAN OF THE BUILDING OF THE HOLY INQUISITION AT ROME.

they descended into a small subterranean place, damp, without light or passage out, with no floor but a black, oleaginous earth resembling that of a cemetery. Here and there were scattered about pieces of garments of ancient fashions—the clothes of unfortunate persons who had been thrown down from above, and died of wounds, fear, or hunger. A baiocco (or penny) of Pius IX. was picked up, which probably denotes the epoch when that abode of darkness and despair was walled up. The rich soil had hardly begun to be removed before human bones were uncovered in some places, with some very long locks of hair, which doubtless had ornamented the heads of females. It is certain that the "Trap-door" swallowed victims of whom it was important to the "Holy" office to destroy all traces, because the Foro, or Judgment Hall, is over it in the second story of the first edifice.

The other modern prisons are contiguous to the last court, which has been converted into a garden. Each of those prisons is a very small cell, capable of containing only a single person, being in two stories, and all alike. They are accessible from an exceedingly narrow corridor, like the cells of a convent. The walls of this passage are every where covered with pictures, and inscriptions commenting upon them, which intimate the horrid nature of the institution, and hold up to view the severest dogmas of the Roman Catholic religion, not interpreted in a spirit of forgiveness. Yet the most tremendous inscriptions were erased before the flight of the pope. The cells were furnished with beds; and there the greatest disorder and filth every where prevailed. Here and there were worn-out cushions, coverlets, chairs, and tables, and old clothes of prisoners who died in the cells many years ago. In a certain very small cell were things which indicated horrible secrets; a piece of a woman's handkerchief, of large size, and an old bonnet, of a girl about ten years old. Poor little child! What offense, perhaps unknown to you, could it have been, which threw you into this place, and destroyed the innocent peace of your infantile years; which taught you to weep in the season of smiles, and perhaps deprived you of your dear and early life? In another cell were found four sandals, and several nuns' cords, a little spindle, caskets containing needles, crucifixes, and unfinished stockings, with the knitting-needles still well-pointed, and an infant's coach.

And so, in almost every one of the prison-rooms, were to be seen clothes, ornaments, and other relics of their former occupants; and, as every thing was wrapped in deep and mournful mystery, the imaginations of the people recalled ancient tragical stories, and wept over the misfortunes of persons of whose names they were ignorant.

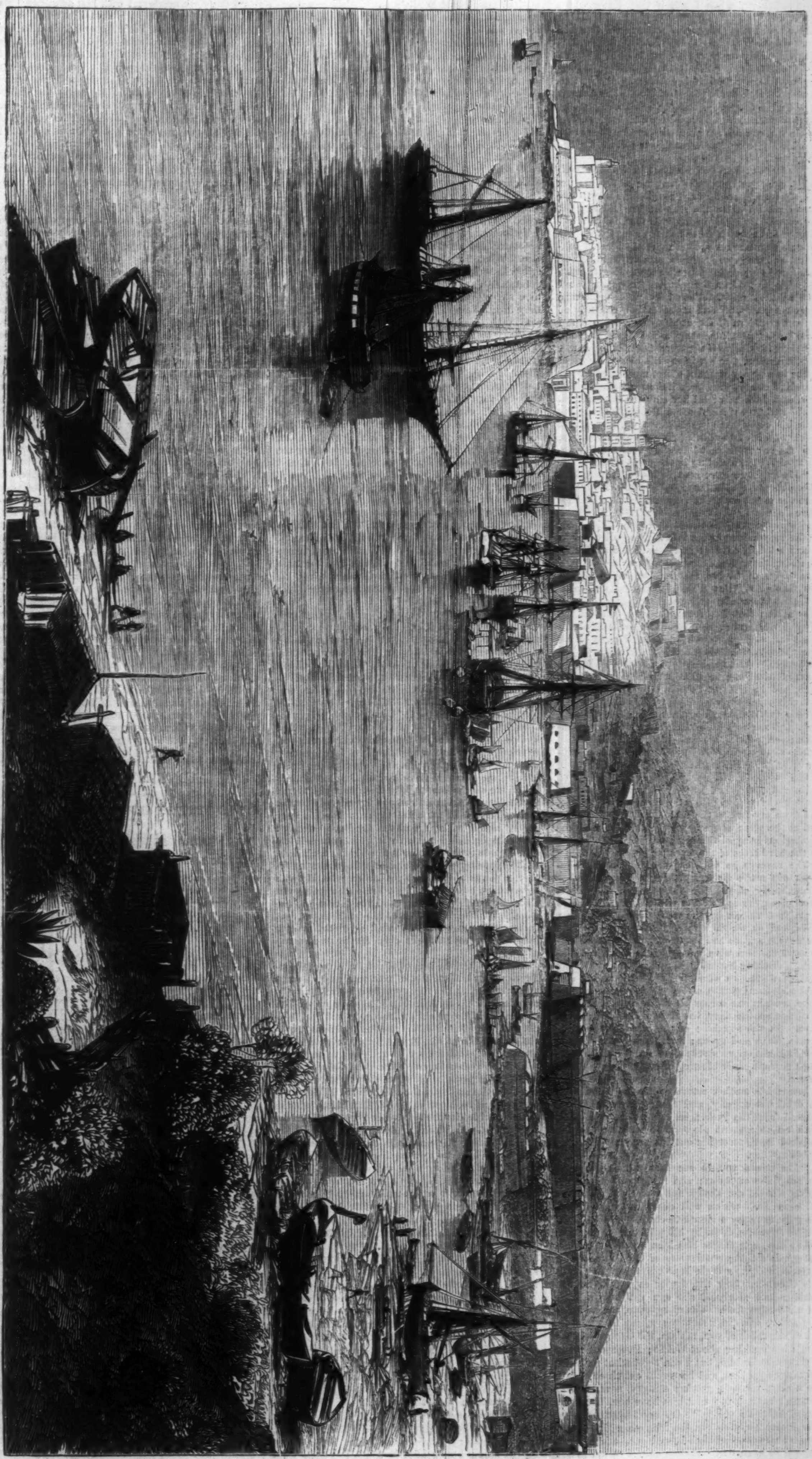
THE PORT OF GAETA.

WE continue our series of Italian illustrations with a fine VIEW OF GAETA. At this point now centres the Neapolitan drama.

Gaeta is a small town, of great antiquity, in the *Terra di Lavoro*, in the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. It was a pleasant resort of Romans in the olden time; Cicero had a villa near there, and it was within hail of the heights that he was assassinated. In modern times Gaeta has been a place of some trade, and a military stronghold of some importance. The harbor is excellent, and affords safe anchorage for a large number of ships; the fishing in the neighborhood is good, and some 3000 people, exclusive of soldiery, make a living at this and other trades. Gaeta imports some foreign goods for the consumption of the people of the *Terra di Lavoro*, and exports fish, dyes, silk, sulphur, etc. There are of course a number of churches at Gaeta; it is an archiepiscopal seat.

Partly in consequence of the strength of its fortifications, and partly because it is a convenient place to run away from, Gaeta has often been selected as a last refuge by Italian fugitives. Some of the hunted Italian noblemen sought refuge there from the French in 1806. In 1849, Pope Pius the Ninth, driven from Rome by the Republicans, fled to Gaeta, and held Court there until the French reconquered the Eternal City for him. And now, King Francis of Naples is at Gaeta, patiently awaiting his final expulsion from Italy by the forces of Victor Emanuel. A historic site, surely!

VIEW OF THE CITY AND PORT OF GAETA, ITALY.



UP A STEP-LADDER.

LITTLE WILLIE had not appeared at my door for full a month; I missed his cheerful whistle as he came, day by day, tugging up the rough road with the heavy bread-basket at his back, and saw that he had been superseded by another boy much smaller and of preternaturally grave countenance. I waylaid this boy one afternoon as he was toiling up the hill, and inquired what had become of Willie. He said he didn't know. Had he got a better place? He didn't know. Was he gone to school? He didn't know. Was he poorly? He didn't know. In fact, he knew *nothing*; so I gave him a half-penny for his information and let him struggle on, wondering how in the world he did it.

Willie did not belong to my class at school, but his two big brothers did, and when I saw them the next Sunday, I renewed my inquiries for my merry little friend, and was told that he had got the fever—*the fever* in our village meaning something generated of damp homes, bad drainage, insufficient water, and sometimes insufficient food.

"He has had it going on for a month," George told me. I asked if he had had it severely? "He's been very bad in his head, and he don't know none of us but mother. But it's his ears now," was the rather mysterious answer.

I always had a reluctance, difficult to overcome, to go any where where I am not certain to be welcome. If I were ill, I should feel inexpressibly annoyed to have strangers coming about me with pudding and tarts; and what I do not like myself, I am chary of inflicting on other people. But I knew that our clergyman and his wife, whose kitchen is kitchen for all the sick poor in the parish, were away; I reflected that a laboring man with six children, even though two of them are big enough to support themselves, is not commonly provided with a surplus fund against rainy days; so I screwed up my courage, told my old servant to make a regulation pudding and put it in a basket with a few other little matters applicable to the case, and set off the next morning to look after Willie.

Down a step from the road, down a steep unpaved cart-way, past an immense mound of agricultural enrichment, down a sloppy foot-path between currant-bushes bearing innumerable small rags of clothing but no leaves, down a series of stepping-stones, and I am at the open door of Willie's home. Just inside are five small dots of children, four of them "playing at ladies," and the fifth, a curly-headed urchin of about three years old, enacting the part of audience at the comedy. One of the four, a blue-eyed maiden of six and a previous acquaintance of mine, immediately detaches herself from the rest of the group, advances, drops a bob courtesy, and then turns sharply round to her companions and asks where are their manners? Their manners are instantly made manifest by three more bob courtesies, but the curly head proves refractory, retires behind his largest little sister, and peeps at my basket round the corner of her elbow, while my blue-eyed damsel apologizes for him as being "only little Robert"—too young yet to have any manners.

And we all stand and stare at each other, the children quite at home under the circumstances, myself feeling awkward that I have not a second basket to give up to plunder by these infantry, until I am recalled to myself by hearing blue eyes communicate my name and place of abode to her

next neighbor, when I ask if they know where Willie's mother is? Immediately they all chorus forth, "Mother's gone out ironing at Mrs. Dent's." I then ask, "Where is Willie?" to which they simultaneously reply, "He's up there in mother's bed;" and following the direction of their pointing fingers, I turn round and perceive an almost perpendicular step-ladder, the foot of which is directly opposite the door-way, and the head, without any circumlocution, in a loft. In which loft, when I look up, I can see hanging the identical best coat in which George has attended my class for two years past.

"Will you go up and see him?" asks blue eyes; and the biggest girl, who may be of the mature age of seven, darts forward to pilot the way. But I am doubtful as to the step-ladder, and suggest the expediency of my seeing "mother," if she is to be got at; on which all the children except Robert execute manœuvres across a flat of blighted cabbages, and disappear round a corner, while he and I improve our acquaintance by continuing to stare at each other. In a few minutes the quartette return as they went, followed by "mother," who stops ten yards off and makes a bob courtesy of the same pattern (I detest this courtesying, but I daren't say "Don't courtesy to me"), and then approaches, looking as if she were thankful to see me, though I never saw her in my life before.

She is a pretty woman, of not more than two or three and thirty, with beautiful eyes, delicate features, and dark hair; all her clothing is clean and whole and decent; and when Robert butts at her with his curly head, he is taken up, kissed, and cashiered with two of the girls, who are his sisters, into the house-place, while she gives me her account of Willie, standing in the door-way.

"He ought to have been in his bed a fortnight before he was, the doctor says," she tells me. "He is on the mend now, but very weak, and will I go up and see him?"

It is my destiny to mount that step-ladder. So up the step-ladder into a loft with a pallet-bed in it, and a thinly covered mattress in one corner on the floor; through a door-way without a door, into a room about twelve feet square, in which, on "mother's bed," lies Willie—or Willie's shadow.

He is wide awake, and watching a casual gleam of sunshine that has found its way through the rainy clouds, and strayed in at the low lattice window; but as I go up to his pillow he turns on me a pair of wonderful eyes, and says, faintly, "A little better." His mother explains that he fancies I asked him how he did. His hearing is quite gone, and he can not take in a word. I suggest that this arises from weakness, and will pass away as he gets his strength again. "You think it will, ma'am?" she replies, and looks at him very wistfully; on which, supposing himself addressed, Willie says again, "A little better," and, a minute after, "Drink, mother."

She says she will go and warm him a drop of milk, and disappears, leaving us together. Willie turns his eyes slowly from the sunshine to my face, and from my face to the sunshine. I look at him and at the place where he lies, and meditate on the mysterious inequalities there are in the world, and on the hard lives of the working poor.

The room is as pure as scrubbing and white-wash can make it; every thing about the bed is scrupulously clean; the old chest of drawers is covered on the top with a white cloth; as is also a rough deal box by the wall, which serves as a table, and on which stands the bottle of doctor's stuff, with a glass and spoon disposed ornamentally in connection with a copy of the British Workman, a farthing hymn-book, and a Bible. On the walls, fastened up with pins, are some rudely colored scriptural prints, a few missionary tract pictures, and, in one corner above the head of another mattress on the floor, the Lord's Prayer in large type. In the sunshine of the window are three plants, fresh and green; and, though the room is low, it is not oppressively close, for there is a thorough current of air blowing up from the open door below.

When his mother returns with the warm milk he drinks it eagerly, and the pudding being extracted from the basket, he eats a portion of that, with an enjoyment pleasant to watch. Having finished it, he stretches out his arm and looks up at his mother.

"He wants you to see how thin his arm is, ma'am," she explains; and rolling up his night-gown sleeve, she shows me a weak little white skeleton limb which will carry no more bread-baskets for many a month to come.

She then sits down by his pillow, puts her arm round him, and makes him lean against her while she gives me the particulars of his illness; how good he was, how little hope there was for him at one time, but how the doctor says now he will come round nicely if she can get him a little strengthening food. The clergyman, she says, being away, she did not know whom to apply to. "I didn't think of you, ma'am, till George told me you'd been asking about Willie; I've spent many a six-pence for him, but I can't get what he likes; he takes eggs best, and he would eat three or four in a day, for he's getting hungry now, but he mustn't have them; I let him have one, but I pay three ha'pence apiece." On my inquiring what the doctor recommends, she tells me a little broth or arrow-root—nothing stronger yet—which I volunteer to send her. It then occurs to me to ask if the fever is infectious? To which she says she believes not, if I don't stay there over long; so, having fulfilled my present business, I think it will, perhaps, be expedient to go away; I therefore bid Willie good-by, with the foolish remark that I am sure he is grown, and that the fever will make a man of him, which, fortunately, he does not hear, and then I follow his mother into the outer loft, and down the step-ladder.

Next day, my old servant, who is interested in Willie as the only boy whom she never had to tell to shut the garden-gate after him, makes a pitcher of excellent broth, and leaves the meat in it, and when submitting it to my taste for approval, she assures me that if Willie's mother has any management about her she will freshen it every day, and it will keep and fit him for a week: which intimation she also conveys to George when he comes for it at his dinner-time. But when I go down, long before the week's end, to see the little fellow again, his mother tells me it lasted him only two days, for what was left after that turned sour.

I achieve the step-ladder again. Willie is still in bed, and still as deaf as a stone, and I think he looks a shade duller and more pallid than before; but there is no sunshine through the window on the whitewashed wall to-day, and the drizzling rain slips mistily like a curtain over the glass. Still his mother says fondly, as she puts the scattered hair off his forehead, "He mends a little—yes, ma'am, I'm sure he mends a little;" and she adds, that the doctor says if he could have some jelly broth made of cow-heel or calf's-foot, it would be better and more strengthening than any thing else. When I reply that I would order the butcher's wife to send her some feet she hesitates a moment, and then says, "I can clean them and prepare them myself, ma'am, if I get them just as they are; you will have to pay a shilling for the set, but if you do not name it Mrs. Briskett will do them, and they will cost half a crown."

When I return home I tell my servant the fate of her broth that was to last a week, on which she exclaims, "She has got no keeping place, I'll be bound! but she needn't ha' let it waste! And did she waste that good mutton too? Why, it would ha' been a dinner for all of 'em. What sort of a house is it, missis?" I reply that I have only seen the place into which the outer door opens, which is a sort of scullery where the washing-tub and a few pans appear to live, and which had the bare ground for floor with a few large round pebbles in it; the family living-room I conjecture to be below the larger bedroom up the step-ladder. She replies that most likely that scullery is larder and pantry and all, but bids me inquire the next time I go; "for," adds she, "I can't abide waste, and if Willie's mother can't keep things as they should be kept, she'd better have 'em little by little every day as he wants 'em. I should like to see how she means to manage them calf's-feet."

A few days later I visit Willie again, and, waiting at the open door, I look round and suppose my servant's conjecture about this scullery being also a pantry to be correct, for, besides the pots and pans on the floor, there are a few basins and dishes on a shelf. Before my survey is completed, Willie's mother appears from the dwelling-room, and to my satisfaction I hear that he is down stairs for the first time to-day. I am accordingly ushered across the scullery and into the kitchen, where he is sitting on a stool within a deep chintz valance, which hangs where a mantle-piece is commonly fixed; for the chimney is a wide open space; there is no range, no oven, no boiler, nothing but a handful of fire on the stones, kept from being scattered about by three bricks set one upon the other at each side, and about a foot apart. Fuel is very costly in our village, and the fire burns slowly: so Willie crouches down to it, looking much less comfortable than when he lay in his mother's bed; while opposite to him, and dead asleep, sits his father, a powerful man in appearance, who, his wife says softly, has only just got home after being out all night leading coals up from the landing to the store. Willie is no better of his deafness yet, but he is coming round. Oh what a painful process that coming round looks over that starved scrap of fire!

The room has the same decided features of cleanliness under difficulties, of neatness, and attempt at ornament, as the room up the step-ladder. On a rude deal table, home-made, and by no skillful carpenter, is the week's washing, ironed and folded. In the window-sill is the family library, consisting chiefly of old brown books, contents unknown, but outwardly of a religious appearance, with a few plants to give them an air of liveliness. The floor is paved with worn, uneven stones set in the clay, the walls are the unplastered walls white-washed, and as I look out from the window into the dull day which has but just ceased raining, I see the sloppy foot-path inclining down to it, and all the water draining off to settle in this moist corner.

I don't like to ask prying questions, but I should like to know who owns this cottage and what it costs the family a week. Whatever it costs in money, it will cost enormously more in health and strength, and possibly in children's lives, before its owner will consent to pull it down as unfit for human habitation—which it is. But Willie's mother has no complaint to make—if she says a word, it is of somebody's kindness—so I suggest no grievance, but quietly convey myself away, leaving the father still fast asleep.

I have got over the awkwardness of feeling myself an intruder, and a few days later I am that way again; but the cabbage garden and the stones before the door are not decorated any more with the dots of children enacting ladies. The outer door stands open, but the inner one is shut, and, while I stand knocking, I hear a childish wail of suffering than which I know no sound so sad: then the voice of our clergyman, who is home again, speaking to Willie's mother. As he comes out, I enter and see Willie, sitting on his stool under the valance as before, and a cradle on the stones beside him, in which lies little Robert. Their mother's eyes are red weeping or watching, or both, but in answer to my question if the little one is ill she only says, in her natural way, which is neither patient nor plaintive, but simply acquiescent in what is, as if she had no idea it either could be or ought to be otherwise, "Yes, ma'am, he's got the fever too; he began three days ago." And as the pitiful inarticulate wail continues, she lifts him in her arms and holds his curly head against her neck, and kissed him until it ceases; but he is very bad in his head, and the great eyes have a very different expression from what they had when he peeped round his sister's elbow at my basket.

"I don't get much rest with him at nights," his mother tells me, and puts a chair for me to sit down, and sits down herself, nursing him in her lap, where he lies quiet enough. Then she tells me about him, and what the doctor says. "And don't I see Wille getting on?" He has been out a minute or two in the sun, but he could not stand by himself, and his boots are too heavy for his little thin feet. So I suggest a superannuated pair of my own, which she says she will be very glad of; and she defers to me and consults me, and I know nothing, and feel that I am nothing, beside her, except that all my speculations and stories of struggle and suffering are mere shreds and patches of phantoms compared with her bare and bitter experience of life.

The two little girls are silently busy at the table, ironing. I inquire of them if they often burn their fingers—an idea which they repudiate with emphatic head-shakings. "It is their doll's clothes, ma'am; it keeps them quiet and makes them handy," their mother tells me; on which they smile, and display some wonderful bits of rag, the property of a much-abused but probably much-cherished wooden image now sitting unclothed on the centre pile of books in the window-sill. The fire is a little brighter to-day—perhaps the clergyman brightened it—and Willie has not quite such a wan and weary look on his white face. He watches his mother and myself as we talk, which he never did before, and though he can not hear a word, he can raise his mind, apparently, to *guess* about what is going on; and to look on the best side of every thing, perhaps his deafness may be almost a blessing for a little while, for it will prevent him from being further worn by poor curly-headed Robert's pitiful wail.

This is not poverty under its worst aspect; it is very very far from that. There is no drunken husband or lazy wife to waste the earnings of labor; there is industry, thrift, cleanliness: a successful struggle to be good, honest, pious, decent, orderly, under very hard conditions. There is no special want; there are regular wages, and not bad wages; there is the father toiling night or day; there are two boys at constant work, and a good mother, able and willing to make them a good home; yet all the possibilities of health, and natural growth, and everyday comfort, are defeated in a dwelling which the most scrupulous care can never render what a dwelling of human beings ought to be.

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Three teaspoonfuls of Leaven to one quart of flour; mix thoroughly by passing two or three times through a sieve; rub in a piece of butter of half the size of an egg, and make the paste with cold milk or water (milk is preferable) barely stiff enough to permit rolling out. Much kneading should be avoided. Cut into desired form, and place immediately in a hot oven and bake quickly.

Loaf Bread.

The same proportion of Leaven and flour sifted together as above. Omit the butter, and make the paste thick enough to knead into a loaf, and bake immediately in a slow oven.

Buckwheat Cakes.

Flour and milk sufficient to make one quart of batter; add one egg; then three teaspoonfuls of Leaven; beat to a froth and cook quick.

Sponge Cake.

Two cups of white sugar, beaten with the yolks of six eggs—the whites of six eggs beaten to a froth; then beat all together; add three cups of sifted flour, one cup of water, and three teaspoonfuls of Leaven; flavor with two teaspoonfuls of essence of lemon, and bake in a quick oven.

Corn Cake.

One pint each of flour and Indian meal, and three teaspoonfuls of Leaven, well sifted together; add one gill of molasses and two eggs; mix them with milk, and bake in a slow oven.

Cup Cake.

Five cups of flour and three teaspoonfuls of Leaven, sifted together; add one cup of butter, two of sugar, and two eggs all well beat together; mix with milk; then add a cup of currants, and spice to suit the taste.—Bake about half an hour.

Ladies' Cake.

Three-quarters of a pound of flour and four teaspoonfuls of Leaven, sifted together; one pound of sugar and six ounces of butter, beaten to a cream; the whites of eight eggs, well beaten, and the juice of one lemon, mixed with milk.

Webster Cake.

Five cups of flour, three teaspoonfuls of Leaven, three cups of sugar, one of butter, one of milk, and two eggs; fruit and spice to the taste. Bake about half an hour.

Muffins.

Three teaspoonfuls of Leaven, one quart of flour, and a little salt sifted together; make a thick batter with milk, and bake in rings.

Apple Pudding.

Pare and slice eight apples, sift three teaspoonfuls of Leaven with one quart of flour; put in a piece of butter half the size of an egg; mix with cold water to a paste; roll out about an inch thick; put the apple into the crust with a little cinnamon; put into a cloth, allowing room to swell one-third; boil one hour and a half.

Highland Cake.

Two teaspoonfuls of Leaven and one cup of flour sifted together; two eggs well beaten; two cups of milk; two cups of sugar and one of butter; add flour enough to mix as stiff as common cup cake, and bake about half an hour.

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